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ELINOR PRESTON;

OR,

SCENES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

(*Continued from our last.*)

Having once reached Killarney, and established ourselves in the far-famed "Lake Hotel," we had little time for thought. All was feeling, exquisite, fresh and of a kind unknown before. Every day and every hour of the day during the week that we spent there—had its own round of enjoyment. Not to speak of the natural wonders by which we were surrounded and the thrilling associations borrowed from the old "Lake lore," there was both pleasure and and amusement to be met in the crowded parlors and drawing-rooms of the Hotel, where all sorts of characters from all sorts of places were to be met. It was real enjoyment to secure seats near one of the windows in the drawing-room, towards evening, when the different parties began to drop in from their protracted rambles, to hear them while waiting for the tea-bell, comparing notes, and retailing their several experiences for the public entertainment. Ourselves all the time looking out on the fairy scene: Castle Lough Bay with the remains of the Mac Carthys' ancient castle, Ross Island with its historic ruin, once a fortress of great strength, and memorable from its heroic resistance to the canting cut-throats of Old Noll;—the fairy island of Innisfallen with its once splendid abbey, now roofless all and desolate—to the left, the gigantic Torc rearing his huge form to the skies; farther on in the same direction the Eagle's Nest, and before us in the distance, the loveliest of Killarney mountains, the pastoral Glena with its hue of summer verdure—to see all this through the gathering mists of evening, listening all the while with a sort of dreamy consciousness to the running commentary going on around. A fair-haired girl—a Cork beauty—was singing at a distant piano to some half dozen admiring swains one of Moore's delightful reminiscences of Killarney;

"'Twas one of those dreams, that by music are brought,
Like a bright summer haze o'er the poet's warm thought—
When lost in the future, his soul wanders on
And all of this life, but its sweetness is gone."

The voice that sang these sweetest of words was certainly neither a Jenny Lind's nor a Catherine Hayes's, but it was soft and tremulous, the latter, probably, on account of some "listening ear" whose heart was wont to respond to those tones—it was, in short, a voice well fitted for a simple lay—and then the hazy, tender twilight, and the thousand romantic associations of the place, all conspired to give a charm to the unpretending minstrelsy, and before the song was half through, all other sounds were hushed throughout the spacious room, and we all listened as it were entranced. When the last sweet cadence died away, the singer, ashamed of the attention she had excited, glided quickly from the room, but from that hour I felt a desire to make her acquaintance, for I felt that she had a soul, and something told me that it was a kindred soul, too. My pleasant reverie was broken by the sound of a quick, rough voice almost at my ear, singing, or rather droning out, as if in derision, those very elegant lines:

"What a beauty I did grow—what a beauty I did grow,"

ending something in this wise:

"My mammy fed me with a quill for fear to spoil my mouth."

It was the first time we had ever heard "a stave," as he called it, from Shaugh's mouth, and Balaam, accordingly, was not more astonished when his assine supporter opened her mouth and spoke. Every eye was instantly turned on the queer old customer, who sat lilting his charming ditty with such cool composure. At first there was a general inclination to resent the evident attempt to burlesque the song just ended, but one glance at the humorous old fogie was quite sufficient to do away with any such feeling, and the abruptness with which the discordant sounds commenced, together with the odd selection made, tickled the audience so that they—I should say we—all burst into a hearty laugh. Shaugh then stopped all of a sudden and looked round with affected anger:

"Well, really, for tourists, you're about the most ill-managed set of people I ever came across—here you were almost crying a minute ago at the melody of sweet sounds kept up through some half dozen verses, but as soon as I began to tune my pipes, you hadn't the common decency to let me sing more than one verse—hardly that same. All because my honorable and learned—humph! I mean my *fair* friend, is a very charming little noun femenine, whilst I'm nothing better than a rough old verb active—to sing—to grunt—to snarl."

We were summoned to tea at the moment, but I could see by the looks and signs interchanged amongst the company that the old Dublin lawyer was set down as a little touched in the attic story.

Next day we made the acquaintance of Miss McCarthy, the young vocalist of the previous evening, and I found her just what I expected, if not something more. She was a gentle loveable creature, sportive as a fawn, yet mild in manner and pure in heart—a genuine Irish girl of the very best stamp. Her talents, naturally good, had been carefully and well cultivated, and her reasoning powers were far beyond those of most girls I had met, yet there was so little stiffness or formality about her that you constantly forgot the higher qualities of her mind in the sprightly ease of her manners. Dear Ellen McCarthy! how I love, even now, to recall the charms of your fair, girlish face, your slight, graceful form, and your conversation, so full of mind, so brilliant and yet so artless. She was pious, too—really, sincerely, but unostentatiously pious. Her parents, like my own, were dead, yet you could hardly call her an orphan, for she was blessed with the protection of a grandfather, the kindest and most indulgent, yet most prudent of Mentors. He was a man of considerable fortune, and had mixed all his life in the very best society of his native city, and that city the Irish Athens. They were a charming pair, as memory sees them now, the tall, dignified old gentleman, looking as though the blood of the entire "Clan Mac Caura" had descended into his veins, and was there duly enshrined as in a costly casket;

"His hair is white with winter-snow
No earthly sun away may carry,"

and the fire of mind and spirit is still alive in his dark, southern features—he is like some aged oak, strong and proud even in decay, while the fair Hebe leaning on his arm, looks like some graceful tendril clinging to its venerable trunk. Such were Denis John Mac Carthy and his pretty granddaughter when they crossed my path at Killarney. Our intercourse was then but brief—a few days only—but in that short time we knew each other as well as though we had been years and years together. Although no two men could be more unlike in most respects than the lordly Mac Carthy and the quick, busy, bustling Attorney, yet somehow they were quite attached to each other, I suppose because extremes are said to meet, and in all our excursions through the Lake region you would generally find the little old-fashioned man of parchment somewhere in the immediate vicinity of the calm, self-possessed, aristocratic-looking Southerner, peering up into his face, and perhaps standing on tip-toe as he did so, while endeavoring to impress him with some peculiar view of some favorite subject. And it was a picture, too, in its way, the contrast between those two men, each representing his own class.

As for us juniors of the party, we all four kept pretty much together, though it often happened that Ellen and myself contrived to get separated from the rest of the party, and it was then that the rich, poetic fancy, and the cultivated taste of my young friend showed to most perfection. In ordinary cases, she was rather abashed by the presence of strangers, and seldom spoke much, but when alone with me, or with only her grandfather besides, she could talk and I could listen for ever. What glorious reminiscences of former days fell from the lips of both parent and child as we strolled in the summer moonlight amongst the wondrous scenes where the Mac Carthys ruled as princes, and fought as heroes in the old, old time! The very islet or promontory (for it is now connected with the mainland by a little artificial causeway) on which our Hotel was situate, bore on its bald crown a moulding fortalice of the Mac Carthys, which had originally given its name to the adjoining, or surrounding Bay, and the whole was famous throughout the Ireland of that day as *Castle Lough of the Mac Carthys*. Then there was Mucruss, the *Irrelagh* of former days, the great Abbey of the Mac Carthys, and still, even in its ruined state, one of the greatest attractions of Killarney. But alas!

"The Mac Caura no more comes with gift in his hand,
For the sons of the Saxon are lords of his land,"

and so Ellen whispered as at early morn we stood together beneath the branches of that weird yew, the growth of centuries, which shades the mouldering pillars of the cloisters, and makes noonday dim as twilight hour. "Sad, is it not?" said the fair descendant of the local princes, "to see such fabrics as this of Mucruss hurrying to decay, in silence and neglect, and the chiefs who built them for the honor of God and the good of religion, driven as they have been from hearth and home, wandering landless and friendless men over the broad earth, while strangers—upstart strangers revel in their ancient halls—that is if they were not *too* time-worn for them—and lord it over their broad domains! Ah! Elinor!—it was a strange doom that fell on the native aristocracy of Ireland—driven out to make place for Cromwellian and Williamite troopers—ours, for instance—the eldest branch of the great Milesian tree! But hush—here they come!—don't you think Mrs. Dillon looks fatigued?"

This was the way in which Ellen usually turned the conversation when we chanced to have our *tete-a-tete* interrupted.

That same evening we sailed over by moonlight to Ross Island, examined at our leisure the ruins of its stately castle—the stateliest and strongest of southern castles—the last great stronghold of the Confederate Catholic nobles. By the time we had made the circuit of the fortress, and given a sigh to the truth of the old classical proverb: *sic transit gloria mundi*, we were well prepared to do justice to a cold supper—slily smuggled in our boat by the joint contrivance of Arthur and Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the best and most provident of travelling companions. What moonlight that was, to be sure, and what a scene was that over which it threw its silver beams—Killarney's blue water—the placid water of the Lower Lake, dotted with its fairy islands, Killarney's dark, many-colored, tufted woods, and its world-famous mountains standing like giant-sentinels around, with three ruined abbeys in sight, and the ancient keeps of the Mac Carthys and O'Donoghoes, the noblest of them all overshadowing our heads, its ivy rustling in the soft night-wind as if in concert with the ripple of the waves at our feet. Surely a fairer scene was never witnessed on this earth, full of beauty as it is, and the heavens above were covering meet for such a—

"Off in the West where the lake's blue breast
Reposed like an angel of light at rest,
And the rich rays there
Seemed spirits of air
That wanton'd about in their silver hair."

Ah! it was a scene never to be forgotten—'twas, indeed, "too lovely for earth"—too lovely, at least, to be long enjoyed by us poor pilgrims of an hour.

The soothing influence of the scene was irresistible. Even Maria usually so gay and light-hearted, was, for the time, quite subdued and almost pensive, and Mr. O'Shaughnessy confessed afterwards that he never felt so queer in all his life (*repose* being something altogether foreign to his disposition) as he did that night on Ross Island.

For my part, I was, as it were, in a delicious trance, wherein the past and present were softly, mellowly blended. All was peace within and without. I could have sat there for hours, listening to the wind sighing amongst the surrounding foliage, like the spirits of the departed, and the soft murmuring sound of the waters as they playfully kissed the strand. Half unconsciously I gave utterance to one of my thoughts:

"What exquisite taste they must have had who chose such sites for the homes of religion. On the banks of these charming Lakes we have no less than three abbeys—ruined now, to be sure, but grand and beautiful even in decay."

"Yes," replied Mr. McCarthy, who happened to be seated near me, "yes, my dear young lady, I rather think the sites *were* well chosen, on principles of the truest, most refined taste—considering that the nobles who gave them were 'mere Irish,' and the monks to whom they were given were some of the 'ignorant drones' of 'the dark ages.' I should like to see a fraternity of our modern *literati*, now, making up a library such as 'those monks of old' were wont to have, by the labor—the hard, toilsome labor of their own hands, when every single copy of a book had to be copied word for word with the pen. I wonder how certain of our dandified nineteenth-century men, who love to talk and write of 'the good-for-nothing, lazy monks of the

middle ages' would look at a ponderous folio of some of the Fathers, if it were given them to write out in clear legible characters from beginning to end with their own hands—not to speak of those wonderful illuminated characters and devices wherewith the laborious monks of the olden time delighted to ornament their pages. Oh! *wouldn't* our fine gentlemen authors make wry faces at the very thoughts of such an undertaking! I suspect it would make every hair of their 'imperials' or *moustaches* stand on end." This was rather a long speech for the old gentleman and he drew a long breath when it was ended, and quaffed a long draught of Guinness's XX, as it were to refresh himself after so unusual an effort.

"I wonder had they as good wine as that in those old days you speak of—shouldn't think they had, eh?" and Shaugh, as he spoke, held up his glass between his right eye and the moon to catch the ruddy sparkle of the fine old Burgundy, which his own golden key had drawn forth from the most secret recesses of the Lake Hotel. "I drink to your good health, Mr. McCarthy,—by and by I'll give you—to be drunk in solemn silence—faith! its all solemn silence here!—the memory of your venerable ancestors, some of whom," he added in a lower tone, looking over his shoulder as he spoke, "some of whom may be within hearing. It wasn't safe meddling with them, I'm told, when they were in the flesh, and I wouldn't take it upon me to slight them now that they're dead, especially when we've the honor, ahem!—of supping—maybe trespassing—on their grounds. Ladies!—a glass of wine!—here's some Maderia that the landlord passes his word for, so it must be good, eh? ha! ha! ha!"

Mr. McCarthy listened to this characteristic flow of talk with a grave smile, bent his stately head—slightly at the mention of his own name—lower by a good deal at the allusion to his progenitors—and when the lawyer had finished and set down his glass, he condescended to say with a kind smile:

"Allow me to correct a slight mistake under which you appear to labor, my good friend! while acknowledging as I do your very kind and polite attention. Ross Island belonged *not* to the Mac Carthys, but to their tributaries, the O'Donoghoes."

"Oh! well, it's all the same—they were all chips of the same block, you know—and followed the same business—it's all one!"

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Why, then, what *would* I mean, Mr. Denis McCarthy, only everything that's civil and respectful. I know what the Mac Carthys were as well as any man living—high and mighty chiefs, every mother's son of them, but upon my honor! there were some very bad Irishmen among them for all that. Pooh! pooh! man, don't knit your brows that way—sure you know all about Donough—Donough the Red—that was one of the first to kneel and swear allegiance to Henry Plantagenet—but what is that to you or me—he was a great prince in his day—a powerful prince, but *he's* dead, and Plantagenet's dead many hundred years ago, so what are their doings to us now. Take another glass of wine, and we'll drink, as I said, to the dead Mac Carthys—I mean to their memory. Now, sir—fill, if you please—I'm waiting!

There was no possibility of keeping anger against a man like this, and happily the old gentleman had too much good sense to take up so silly a quarrel, so the toast was drank in solemn silence, as Shaugh said, and very soon after we quietly left the island to its solitude and silence, and returned (nothing loath, it must be confessed,) to the cheerful drawing-room in the Hotel where all was light, and life, and gaiety—strange contrast to the scene we had just left.

(To be continued.)

The following printed placard was posted round the eastern parts of London for the suppression of Sunday preaching in Victoria Park: "Public Notice.—With a view to prevent the recurrence of unbecoming scenes which took place in Victoria Park last year it has become necessary to prohibit all meetings in the said park. Notice is hereby given, that the park constables and police have received instructions to prevent preaching from taking place."

TREMENDOUS STORM.—On Monday evening, Rochester, N. Y., was visited by the most terrific rain and hail storm of the season. Rain and hail fell very fast for half an hour. Much of the hail was of sufficient size to break windows, and it is feared that much damage has been done to the crops—particularly to corn and fruit.

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL OF CALIFORNIA.

THE CALAVERAS CAVE.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* supplies that journal with the following particulars of a visit paid by him to the Calveras Cave, the greatest natural curiosity in California:

We arrived about 11 o'clock at Cave City, a small and almost deserted mining town where the Cave is located. This curiosity was first discovered by Capt. Taylor, in 1850, while shooting at a mark near by his cabin. The first and main entrance is on the side of a hill around the angle of a jutting rock, about three hundred yards from the town. This artificial passage has been cut through the solid rock about eighty feet. It was with mingled feelings of awe and wonder that I entered those still chambers, which for thousands of years had remained undisturbed by the rude voice of man. I felt like an intruder upon the secret realms of darkness. As we arrived at the entrance, each of us lit our torches, and commenced in procession to grope our way, with bended knee, through the low and narrow aisles, to the first chamber, which is called the "Know-Nothing Lodge." It received this famous title from the circumstance of its having been occupied, in the campaign of 1855, as a wigwam by the party which elected Gov. Johnson and Treasurer Bates. The ceilings are high, dark and irregular, and are unadorned by stalactites. This apartment was a fitting place for the secret gathering of the dark-lantern party.

Leaving this chamber, we next enter "Register Hall," where every visitor is expected to immortalize his name by writing it with charcoal upon the smooth columns which line the high ceiling. This passage leads to "Column Room," where there is a large swinging rock, so nearly balanced as to almost move by the touch of the hand. There are several columns standing which bear evidence of being worn out by the leaping cascades of water from above. We now turned to the left, and crawled our way through the "Table Passage" to the "Chapel Room." This chamber presented many objects of curiosity and attraction. In the centre arose a natural altar of stalagmites, while on one side is a niche (worn in the rock) which very much resembles a pulpit. The beauty of this room, as well as many other parts of the Cave, has been much marred by visitors breaking off and carrying away the most beautiful stalactites. I was pleased to learn that the proprietor has determined to protect it from any further destruction.

From the "Chapel" we descended a sloping passage to the "Lake." This is an irregular chamber at the bottom of which there is a lake of clear cold water, which, we were informed, had been sounded one hundred feet and no bottom discovered. We amused ourselves by throwing stones in the water to see the bubbles rise long after they had disappeared in the depths of the clear water below. Here we rested a short time to refresh ourselves with a drink from the pure crystal water of this fountain, unreflected by the light of day, and unruffled by the passing breeze.

Next we returned and hastened to the "Bishop's Palace." This chamber is irregular in form, and is from sixty to ninety feet in extent. The arched ceilings are about thirty feet high, suspended from which are huge stalactites of various form and color, from one to ten feet long. Several large ones hanging from the centre of the "Palace," with numerous small branches, present the appearance of so many huge chandeliers, reflecting the light of our torches, and brilliantly illuminating the gloomy recess of this world below. While admiring these habitations of solitude, every light was extinguished. The change from visions so beautiful to darkness so profound almost startled my senses with fear and dread. At first, there was not a motion made or a word spoken; all seemed attentively listening to the silence of nature. The death-like slumber that for a time had bound us was soon broken by a song of praise, in which all joined with a real spirit and devotion. As the sweet strains of music were harmoniously reflected from the dark arches and columns of this great cathedral of Nature, it seemed as if I never before felt so impressively the majesty of the Creator of all this grandeur. After the music had ceased, one of our party fired a pistol several times, the report of which was deafening. As the sounds reverberated and echoed from room to room, till they died away in the distance, they seemed like the moanings of departed spirits.

We now relit our torches, and proceeded to ascend our difficult and, at times, dangerous way through the "Secret Passage." This path has evidently been worn out by the water which, in the rainy season, renders it almost impossible to visit the Cave. It is so low, in places, that it is necessary to stoop and almost crawl to avoid a collision with the projecting rocks above. But the visitor is richly paid for all his toil in ascending, as he is ushered into the presence of the resplendent beauties of the "Bridal Chamber." The most imaginative poet never conceived or painted a place of such exquisite beauty and workmanship. This room—the crowning object of interest—having been lately explored, has escaped the Vandalism of man, and now reflects all the unblemished beauties of nature. It is nearly circular in form, and is about eighty feet in diameter. Some of the incrustations are massive, while others are as delicate as the lily and frail as wax-work. In color they reflect every hue and expression; some are as white as alabaster, while others are clear and sparkling as the diamond. All seemed fresh and new. Indeed, the invisible Architect has not yet finished his master-piece of workmanship; the structure is still visibly going on before one's eyes. One can see the water trickling down its tiny course, depositing carbonate of lime, to perfect the delicate point of some immense stalactite. The sides and arches are clothed in a drapery of dazzling beauty, rendering it indeed a fitting type of a fairy bride.

Immediately above, and to the back of this grand apartment, and connected with it by a short passage, is another room, called the "Organ Chamber." It appropriately takes its name from the arrangement of the stalactites as a musical scale, upon which may be produced notes resembling the music of an organ, the large pendants corresponding to the low bass wires, while the smaller ones will produce all the different notes of the higher keys. The various apartments are so arranged, that this is the last room to be visited which is worth noticing. The closing scene is exceedingly appropriate. Reluctantly leaving this great organ, still sounding the praise of Him "who doeth all things well," we retraced our faltering steps to the "Bridal Chamber," to take a last lingering look of its grandeur, dressed in a thousand lovely forms. From here we rapidly wound our tortuous way up to the opening on the top of the hill, near which the Cave was discovered. The Cave in all its aisles and apartments is nearly a mile in length. Although it does not equal the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky in extent and grandeur, yet I would advise all who feel a pleasure in admiring the wonders of nature not to miss visiting the Calaveras Cave, where there is so much to interest and admire.

A NATION'S LITERATURE.

No proposition can be clearer than that which affirms a nation's mental tone and character, to conform to the quality of its prevalent literature. Those nations of the Old World which were once the seats of learning, were prosperous and powerful just so long as the useful arts and sciences were cultivated in their schools and among their people. But when the people became wealthy and idle, and reading and study became a means of dissipation and time-killing, instead of a means of practical instruction for useful purposes, demoralization commenced and degradation followed.

When we see a person addicted to gross sensualities in the matter of eating and drinking—if liquor and tobacco are his chief delights, and if such dietetic abominations as nature abhors have become essential to his present comfort and gustatory enjoyment—we rightly judge him to be depraved in his bodily organs and instincts. And if, in his dealings with his fellowmen, he is addicted to peculations and misrepresentations, we infer, as correctly, that his moral nature is unsound. And so, too, if he seeks his mental repasts in reading matters which is mainly addressed to his animal passions and lower propensities, we cannot avoid the conclusion, that his mind, as a whole, is in a morbid condition.

It is in the power, therefore, of each one of those who contributes to a nation's periodical literature, to be the instrument of incalculable good or evil, as their works may add to the sum total of influences which educate and elevate, or which deprave and destroy.

There are in our country two extensive classes of caterers to the reading taste of the people; and the line of demarkation seems to be very plainly drawn between them. One consults the taste of the majority, and produces a quality of reading matter to gratify it. Its only rule of action is that love of trade which seeks to supply whatever society has a demand for. The other consults the public welfare and seeks to promote it. Its rule of action is that law of progress which seeks to create better appetences, higher purposes, and nobler desires. Both classes are selfish; both work for pay; but how different is their selfishness! One aims to get good by doing good; the other prosecutes the acquisition of wealth in the general wreck of mind and morals, very much as a physician might be supposed to seek business, fame, and fortune by scattering broadcast the seeds of pestilence.

If it be true that a great majority of our people have false notions, erroneous habits, and vitiated tastes, so far as literature is to be regarded as a mere business matter, like dealing in "factitious liquors" or "adulterated foods," those who supply the "spurious article" will have greatly the advantage over those who furnish the genuine; for who does not know that a starving drunkard will give a dollar for another draught of the poison which has reduced him to beggary, sooner than give a penny for the bread of life? But who is willing to take the fearful responsibilities of such conduct? Who is willing, even for a princely palace and a mine of gold, to look on besotted, perverted, and dedraded humanity and be obliged to say, "this is my work?" There are such persons; but we envy them not. We would as soon have a "murdering basilisk" in our family circle as such a fortune, with its terrible accompaniments and inevitable penalties.—*Life Illustrated.*

STREET FIGHT.—A street rencounter between Prentice, of the *Journal*, and Mr. Durrett, of the *Courier*, took place at Louisville, Kentucky, in consequence of an article reflecting on Mr. Prentice. Pistols were used, and Mr. Prentice was slightly wounded.

THE STORMING OF STONY POINT.

On the night between the 15th and 16th days of July, 1779, one of the boldest and most effectual military enterprizes of the' American Revolutionary struggle was successfully accomplished. We refer to the capture of the British fortress at Stony Point, on the west bank of the Hudson River, about forty miles from this city.

The garrison of the place consisted of more than 600 regulars, and it was heavily armed and completely provisioned and stored. Its defensive preparations were formidable. The attack was undertaken by Gen. Anthony Wayne, and carried out with the characteristic determination, impetuosity and good fortune of that noble old patriotic chief. With a well-equipped body of Continental troops, "Mad Anthony" arrived at midnight, within sight of the British works, and at the distance of a mile from the Point divided his men into two columns, putting himself at the head of one. The charge was ordered drawn from every musket, and with fixed bayonets and resolute step, the American troops advanced rapidly toward the frowning walls. A deep ditch was crossed with a dash and a shout, and, although the heavy cannon of the fortress opened upon the advance with a terrible and unrelenting fire, mowing down with grapeshot the foremost ranks of the assailants, yet their columns wavered not for an instant. The Revolutionary bayonets swept down the gunners at their guns; the entrances into the fort were forced, the walls scaled, the enemy scattered, and the two American detachments met in the centre of the enemy's works, victorious without firing a gun. The echoes of the rocky hills along the Hudson reverberated back the three mighty cheers of triumph with which the victors welcomed the raising of the American flag upon the staff whence the bloody cross of England had just descended. Every man of the British garrison was killed or captured!

Such is the historical outline of the taking of Stony Point; but popular tradition in the neighborhood supplies, to this day, many most interesting addenda to the antiquarian. It is related, for instance, that a secret passage to the works had been discovered by a negro girl, who had been accustomed to pick strawberries on the green slope of the fortifications; and that she led the American General to this entrance, into which, at the head of a chosen body, he rushed, far in advance of his own troops, and cleaving down with his own good sword the foremost of the startled defenders. Doubtless the American forces had ample information as to the state of the works and the strength of the garrison, from the liberty-loving population of the surrounding country, who looked upon the red-coated enemy with apprehension and sullen hatred. No section of the Colony of New York was more enthusiastically and unanimously patriotic than the counties lying west of the Hudson River. The preponderating Dutch element had never loved the British rule, and General Gage certainly had occasion for the remark which tradition attributed to him—"Wherever there is a Dutchman in these Colonies, there is a rebel!"

From 1779 to 1857 the anniversary of the storming of Stony Point has passed by without a celebration; but the patriotic descendants of the men who shouted for joy at witnessing the British standard descend from the walls of the old fort, on that July night, seventy-eight years ago, have now commemorated it in a fitting manner. On Thursday, the 16th ult., the corner-stone of a monument designed to perpetuate the recollections of the capture, was laid with appropriate ceremonies. Large numbers of our vol unteer militia, civic societies, and multitudes of the good people of the River counties were present. These patriotic reminiscences should be cherished. In this day of the greatness and power of the Republic, the valor and the sacrifices of the brave men who achieved our liberties and laid the foundation of our national existence, should be remembered with every circumstance of pomp and reverence.—*Exchange Paper.*

SPANISH MATERIALS FOR AMERICAN HISTORY.—The Washington *States* learns from Madrid that the Secretary of the American Legation there has obtained permission to examine some archieves in the Department of Foreign Affairs, containing papers bearing upon the history of the American Revolution. Senor D. Pascual Guayangos, already so favorably known in our country from the important aid he has afforded to Mr. Prescott, Mr. Ticknor, and others, in their historical researches, is at work selecting from the mass all that there is of value, under the eye and direction of the Government. The memorial generally supposed to be written by the Count of Aranda, which was quoted by Mr. Cushing in his Newburyport speech, and commented on by various journals, is the subject of considerable discussion in Madrid. It is maintained by the author of The Life of Charles III., Senor del Rio, to be not genuine; and other Spanish critics join with him. It appears that the document is not in the handwriting of Aranda, nor does it bear his signature. It is said also that the style is wholly unlike that of the many documents known to be his. The academician and scholar, Don Cayetano Roseli, is preparing a critical paper upon this subject, which will be published shortly, and will probably throw the best light we can ever expect to have upon this interesting point of history.

HORRIBLE.—At Cincinnati, on Tuesday, a man named Rohler, a German, strangled his wife and killed a Mr. Horton, of the firm of Horton & Macey, then set fire to the house, and finished by cutting his own throat.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,

OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER IX.

Repeal Agitation—O'Connell's agitating Staff—Hunting—The Value of an Ugly Nose—A Friar's Address upon the Veto of 1813—The Scotch Union—Mary Queen of Scots—Early Professional Success of O'Connell—Castlereagh, Arthur O'Connor, and Cornelius M'Loughlin—Old Catholic Hymns—O'Connell on Place-hunting—Repeal Meeting at Cork—Old Mr. Jeffreys of Blarney Castle—Fox-hunting *v.* Hare-hunting—Poor "Jack of the Roads"—A Meritorious Lie.

In September, 1840, I made a short tour in the County Cork, for the purpose of stirring up the spirit of Repeal. There were excellent popular meetings in the towns of Dunmanway, Skibbereen, and Macroom; and the disposition of the people may be judged of from the fact, that in the last-named town there was an attendance of 10,000 of the peasantry, who mustered thus numerously, although remote from all the machinery of metropolitan agitation. This was at the earlier period of the renewed movement, and a gathering of 10,000 was considered a very imposing display. We had not yet arrived at the "monster meetings."

O'Connell's usual travelling companions during the busiest period of the agitation, were Dr. Gray, proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal;* Richard Barrett, proprietor of the *Pilot;* Robert Dillon Browne, M. P. for Mayo; Mr. Steele, Mr. Ray (the Secretary of the Association), J. O'Connell, and C. O'Connell, of Ennis. I often formed one of the travelling party until 1843; but in that year so many meetings sprang up, which I was deputed to attend on the part of the Association, that I found it nearly impossible to accompany O'Connell to any of the celebrated "monster" assemblages. For instance, on the very day of the enormous Tara meeting at which 1,200,000 were assembled, I attended a meeting at Clontibret, in the County Monaghan, at which an experienced reporter computed that 300,000 persons were present. Such a gathering would at any other time have excited a good deal of public notice; but it was quite thrown into the shade by the unprecedented muster which O'Connell addressed on the same day at Tara.

O'Connell gave me a history of his journey from Darrynane to Killarney, on the 3rd of October, 1840. He had risen at six, and hunted across the mountains from Darrynane to Sneem. He detailed with the greatest minuteness the day's hunt, describing each turn and double of the hare. "The hounds," said he, "were at fault for a few minutes, and a hulking fellow exclaimed: 'The good-for-nothing dogs have lost the scent!' 'You vagabond!' cried I, 'have you got no better business than to be abusing my dogs?' I had scarcely said this, when a dog recovered the scent, and was joined by the whole pack in full cry. The fellow looked foolish enough."

He narrated these little incidents with an eagerness and minuteness that evinced the interest he took in his favorite sport.

He was, as usual, full of anecdote. One of his odd stories was about a Miss Hussey, to whom her father bequeathed £150 per annum, in consideration of her having an ugly nose.

"He had made a will," said O'Connell, "disposing of the bulk of his fortune to public charities. When he was upon his death-bed, his housekeeper asked him how much he had left Miss Mary? He replied that he had left her £1,000, which would do for her very well, if she made off any sort of a good husband. 'Heaven bless your honor!' cried the housekeeper, 'and what decent man would ever take her with the nose she's got?' 'Why, that is really very true,' replied the dying father; 'I never thought of her nose;' and he lost no time in adding a codicil, that gave Miss Mary an addition of £150 a year as a set-off against her ug liness."

He gave a humorous sketch of the mode in which a country friar had, in 1813, announced a meeting on the Veto:

"'Now, *ma boughals*,' said the friar, 'you haven't got gumption, and should therefore be guided by them that have. This meeting is all about the veto, d'ye see. And now, as none of ye know what the veto is, I'll just make it all as clear as a whistle to yez. The veto, you see, is a Latin word, *ma bouchals*, and non of yez undherstands Latin. But *I* will let you know all the ins and outs of it, boys, if you'll only just listen to me now. The veto is a thing that ——You see, boys, the vetó is a thing that—— that the meeting on Monday is to be held about. (Here there were cheers, and cries of 'hear! hear!') The veto is a thing that——in short, boys, it's a thing that has puzzled wiser people than any of yez! In short, boys, as none of yez are able to comprehend the veto, I needn't take up more of your time about it now; but I'll give you this piece of advice, boys: just go to the meeting, and listen to Counsellor O'Connell, and just do whatever he bids yez, boys!'"

We talked of the points of resemblance between the political condition of Ireland and that of Scotland.

"I do not feel sure," said I, "that the Union did Scotland any good; that is, that the Union gave her anything that she might not have got without it."

"It gave her free trade," replied O'Connell.

"I am aware of that; but I do not see why the Scotch could not have obtained free trade for themselves *without* the Union, as the Irish did in 1779? The American war which afforded to *us* such a favorable opportunity, must have afforded a like opportunity to the Scotch."

"*Quere de hoc?*" said O'Connell. "If it had not been for the Union, which gave England the command of the military force of Scotland, it is possible that England would never have dared to go to war with America at all. However, I grant you," he added, "that it is not now in our power to say but that Scotland might have worked out free trade for herself; if not on that occasion, at least at some other favorable juncture. But we must not forget that the Union conferred free trade on Scotland, fully seventy years before the American war; so that it afforded scope to Scotchmen for commercial enterprize for the greater part of a century earlier than they might otherwise have obtained it."

This was doubtless true. But it is equally true that the crushing blow to national enterprize, national spirit, and national pride, inflicted by the demolition of the Scottish Legislature, paralyzed the energies of the Scottish people to such an extent, that the commercial privileges conferred by the Union treaty, were scarcely availed of by the great mass of the nation for fully half a century. During that long period, the unpopularity that attached to the Union seems to have tainted the solitary benefit it contained.

It will also be conceded by all who are conversant with the history of Scotland for the last century, that the Union in all probability cost the empire two disastrous civil wars. It appears unquestionably that of those who took arms in 1715 and 1745, a large number were actuated more by the desire of regaining their parliament than restoring the Stuarts. When conversing on this subject with O'Connell, I once expressed some surprise that the Scotch of the present day did not try to recover the privilege of home legislation. "One reason why they don't," said he, "is because the fellows have got no Daniel O'Connell among them."

He was a zealous advocate of Mary Queen of Scots against all the accusations levelled at her character. His enthusiasm for her memory was very great. "I saw her manuscript," said he, "in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh; I kissed the writing, and pressed it to my heart!"

Passing from Killarney to Mill street, O'Connell pointed out to the left of the road, the farm of Lisnababie. "I may say with honest pride," said he, "that I was a good help to keep that farm in the hands of its rightful owner, Lalor of Killarney. I was yet very young at the bar, when Jerry Connor (the attorney concerned for Lalor) gave me two ten guinea fees in the Lisnababie case. Lalor remonstrated with Connor, stating that the latter had no right to pay so expensive a compliment out of his money to so young a barrister. This was at a very early period of the cause, which was tried in Dublin, before Sir Michael Smith. But a motion being made in court to dismiss Lalor's bill, I rose, and combatted it so successfully, that Sir Michael Smith particularly complimented me; and Lalor wrote to Jerry Connor, saying that I gave him the full worth of his money, and desiring (what indeed was a matter of course) that I should be retained for the assizes. We were finally successful, and I had the chief share in the triumph."

Between Mill street and Macroom he pointed out the old mountain roads, by which in former days the judges were obliged to travel when on circuit. They seemed quite impassable for wheel carriages: but O'Connell said that the old infirm judges travelled on them in their carriages at a foot pace; the younger judges went circuit on horseback.

Something led us to talk of Arthur O'Connor; and his celebrated letter to Lord Castlereagh* was mentioned. "Do you know," said O'Connell, "who got that letter printed? It was your friend, old Cornelius M'Loughlin. He was walking past Kilmainham prison, and was hailed by Arthur O'Connor from a window. Arthur threw his manuscript out, saying, 'Will you do me the service of getting that printed?' 'If I find on perusal that it merits publication, I will,' said M'Loughlin. 'Promise me positively!' 'No—but if I like the production I shall gladly bear the expense of printing it.' So saying, M'Loughlin took it home, read, approved, and got it printed. For acting thus, Cornelius was brought before the Select Committee of the House of Commons. When asked 'who got the pamplet printed?' he boldly answered, 'It was I.' 'Why did you do so?' 'Because I approved of the principles contained in it.' Whereupon Castlereagh said, 'That's a brave fellow! we won't inflict any punishment upon him.'"

Rather surprised at this instance of lenity in Castlereagh, I said "I had not thought his lordship had so much good in him."

"Oh," replied O'Connell, "he had a good deal of *pluck*, and liked spirit in others. Besides, at that period, as the Union was virtually carried, there did not exist any pressing occasion to shed innocent blood."

A silence of about half an hour ensued; after which, O'Connell began to repeat some of the old Latin hymns of the Catholic Church. He frequently did so when travelling. His favorites seemed to be,

"Lauda Sion Salvatorem,
Lauda Ducem et Pastorem;"

and the noble hymn commencing with the words,

"Stabat Mater Dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lachrymosa
Dum pendebat filius."

We slept in Macroom, and resumed our road next morning for Cork, where a vast concourse of Repealers awaited their leader's arrival. He enjoyed the picturesque beauty of the scenery along the route, which is wholly different in character from the Alpine tracts in Kerry. The road from Macroom to Carrigadrohid passes, at first, through a deep and winding glen, clothed with young oak-woods. Thence to Cork, it runs for many miles along the river Lee, traversing a rich and cultivated country, of which the surface is frequently broken into bold and abrupt inequalities. The whole was lighted with a bright morning sun.

Between nine and ten we emerged on the Great Western Road, at George the Fourth's bridge, which spans the Lee about a mile to the westward of the city of Cork. The crowd here amounted to at least 50,000 persons. Some of the peasantry wanted to take the horses from the carriage and draw it into Cork; the Liberator strenuously resisted this attempt. But they earnestly renewed their request, and proceeded to undo the harness. O'Connell cried out in great excitement, "No! no! no! I never will let men do the business of horses if I can help it! Don't touch that harness, you vagabonds! I am trying to elevate your position, and I will not permit you to degrade yourselves!" He thus, with considerable difficulty, induced them to abandon their attempt.

There was a vast meeting at Batty's Circus, every part of which was crammed with anxious auditors. O'Connell expressed the pleasure he felt at renewing the Repeal agitation, reinvigorated as he was by his recent mountain exercise. In his speech he gave a lively description of a hunt among the Darrynane mountains, and of the effect produced by the music of the hounds among the wild glens of Iveragh. "The very rocks," said he, "seem animated—they are vocal with their thousand answering echoes!" The London *Examiner* had derisively compared the "Repeal cry" to the cry of the Darrynane beagles. "Aye," retorted O'Connell, "but the fellow made a better hit than he intended, for my beagles never cease their cry *until they catch their game*."

Lord Ebrington, who was then Viceroy, had recently declared, that no person holding Repeal principles should be eligible to any place, office, or emolument within the gift of the government. O'Connell professed himself heartily gratified with the Viceroy's declaration. In the first place, he said, it would save him from the nuisance of incessant applications from all sorts of persons for his interest at the Castle.* In the second place, he expressed his satisfaction that Lord Ebrington had furnished a test by which honest patriots might be distinguished from place-hunters. At a much more recent period, it is true that O'Connell sanctioned applications for government patronage. But it was under different circumstances: it was at a time when the Repeal placeman was not required to recant his professions of nationality. Further on in this work, I shall offer a comment or two on the subject of patriot-place-seekers.

Old Mr. Charles Jeffreys, of Blarney Castle, attended the Cork meeting, and moved one of the resolutions. He made a short speech, in which he stated that he had been one of the members of an Irish deputation appointed to lay an anti-Union petition at the feet of George the Third, in 1799; adding, that he had ever since carefully watched the results of the measure; and being totally unable to discover any good it had produced, he now, although infirm and old, came joyfully forward to join in the efforts of the Repealers.

When Mr. Jeffreys concluded his speech, he felt so much oppressed by the heat and crowd, that he quitted the building for a few minutes. On his return, I observed to him that I feared his again exposing himself to the inconveniences of a heated atmosphere, and thronged platform, was a hazardous experiment.

"I could not help it," he answered, with much enthusiasm, "my heart is with you all."

The old gentleman who thus warmly declared his attachment to Irish independence, was nephew to one of Pitt's principal tools in effecting the Union—the Earl of Clare.

In the evening we drove to Mallow. On the road, O'Connell alluded to Mr. Jeffreys, who, he said, had always been very polite and attentive to him since one memorable night when they both in early youth had met at the Cork Theatre, where Mr. Jeffreys got into some *row*, in which he would have been overmatched if O'Connell had not promptly come to his assistance.

We slept at Mallow, and early on the following morning, the 7th of October, set out *en route* for Limerick. Passing between Mallow and Buttevant, O'Connell reverted to his favorite topic—the beagles—and declared their superiority in affording good sport, over all other description of dogs in the empire. "This should be a good fox-hunting country," said he, as we approached Buttevant; "I believe it is hunted by the Duhallow hounds; but their fox-hunting is poor sport compared to my beagles. Yet the fox-hunter affects to despise hare-hunting. I remember hearing that the Orange squireens used to say contemptuously, that hare-hunting was only fit for Papists."

I mentioned some person who imported his fox-hounds from England. "The English," said O'Connell, "only breed their dogs for speed, so that a fox-hunt becomes little more than a mere greyhound chase. I am the only fellow who understands how to hunt rationally—the instinct of the beagle in tracking out the hare is beautifully developed in the Darrynane hunts."

O'Connell mentioned the origin of the name of Buttevant, which is said to have been derived from *Boutez en avant*," the war-cry of David de Barry, one of the earliest Norman invaders of Ireland. The Irish name was Kilnamulla.

Our talk then turned to politics. Among other illustrations of the state of things in the good old days of Tory rule, he recorded the fate of a poor, half-witted creature, called "Jack of the Roads," who, in the earlier part of the century used to run alongside the Limerick coaches. "He once made a bet of fourpence and a pot of porter that he would run from Dublin to Limerick, keeping pace with the mail. He did so; and when he was passing through Mountrath on his return, on the 12th of July, 1807, or 1808, he flourished a green bough at a party of Orangemen who were holding their orgies. One of them fired at his face; his eyes were destroyed—he lingered and died—and there was an end of Poor Jack."

"Was the ruffian who fired at him punished?"

"Oh, no! To punish such an offence as *that* was not precisely the policy pursued by the government of that day. Well, blessed be God! things are better now."

Speaking of the systematic falsehood of the Tory party, I mentioned a "pious" letter which some person of that faction had written to the *Cork Constitution*, condemning the recent Skibbereen Repeal Meeting; and asserting that Repeal would never have obtained the support of the Irish masses, if they did not regard it as synonymous with the extirpation of the Irish Protestants. "The writer," said I, "must have known the falsehood of this assertion; for in my speech at the meeting which formed the subject of his censorship, I emphatically inculcated mutual affection between Catholic and Protestant; and the tolerant sentiment was loudly applauded."

"That was the very reason the rascal wrote the letter," replied O'Connell. "The greater the lie, the greater their merit in telling it!"

(To be continued.)

* Written in 1796.

* To my knowledge, O'Connell has been solicited for his patronage by clergymen of the Established Church, who were desirous of obtaining promotion from the Whigs. He always declined to interfere in behalf of such applicants.

SUMMER BOARDING-HOUSE LIFE.

Who has not laughed at the exclusive coteries, the pretentious upstartishness and the scandal of our summer spas and watering places! The Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* tells a life-like incident which occurred at Spafford Springs, which is a "specimen brick" to sample any of our fashionable houses by. The hotel there was full of people, and they were all sitting out on the piazza one evening, when the cars came along, and a young gentleman and lady alighted with a small show of baggage, and with a decidedly jaunty and rather attractive appearance. The register was consulted late in the evening, and it was found that they were to occupy different rooms. In the morning they made their appearance in the drawing-room. The lady sat down to the piano and sang and played elegantly. All were charmed, and the delight was increased when the gentleman sat down and swept the keys most skilfully. They were an accession—a veritable treasure. The next morning the heads of the ladies were all put together, and the beautiful songstress was quietly left unnoticed. A fact had somehow leaked out that was a little suspicious, and there had been considerable champagne sent up to the room of the young lady. Still, there were two or three ladies who would stand by the stranger until something stronger than surmise had been brought against her. So when she took her seat at the piano, they would stand at her side and tell her how well she played. But from day to day suspicions grew stronger. The landlord was appealed to, to turn the offenders out of the house. Every eye was turned scornfully away from the couple whenever they appeared. But during all this commotion, the young lady was cool and perfectly unconscious. She came in and played; she passed through the drawing-room amid recoiling silks with her companion, as they went out to their daily walks, as if she were a queen, and received the homage of everybody in her vicinity. At last the day of her departure came. Arrayed in her travelling dress, she descended the stairs, walked leisurely into the drawing-room, took her seat at the piano, and after running over the keys without removing her gloves, struck magnificently into the song:

"If a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
If a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?"

Having sung thus far, she rose, made a very obsequious "kerchy" to the frowning after-dinner assemblage, and with a "Good afternoon, ladies," swept out of the door, and taking her friend's arm, made for the depot. The ladies looked at one another for a moment, then at the gentlemen, then smiled, and then there followed a fit of laughter only checked at last by the vision of a handkerchief waving from the window of a car under full headway.

THE PACIFIC WAGON ROAD.—The Washington *Star* says the Interior Department regard it as certain that the wagon road to the Pacific by the southern route will be so far completed as to be used by the emigration as early as the first of January next, and that the other more northern roads will be in the same condition as early, if the season favors the work upon them. The Indians of the Plains, predict a late fall and an open winter. There is a vast difference between the climates upon the northern and southern routes designated to be opened under the act of Congress to that end—a difference of perhaps three months of working season.

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Armagh.

A farm of land, containing 13 1-2 acres statute measure, cropped, adjoining the city, was sold for the sum of £200 sterling. The rent annually is £1 8s. per acre. The crop is value for about £40. Mr. Marshall, provision merchant, Scotch street, Armagh, was the purchaser.

Clare.

All the convictions obtained against weir owners on the lower Shannon by the Limerick Board of Consertors were confirmed at the Kilrush quarter sessions—the Assistant Barrister expressing his determination to give the Board every assistance in carrying out the law and protecting the fisheries.

The aquatic gentlemen of Killaloe are about getting up a regatta on the same extensive scale as the one which passed off so satisfactorily last year. The scenery of Lough Derg will doubtless attract a large number of visitors.

Cork.

As a party of the 99th Regiment, who were engaged at rifle practice near Kinsale, were moving backwards to extend their range, a private named William Townsend slightly pushed forward a comrade in the front rank named John Andrews, who instantly turned about, and presenting his rifle, fired at Townsend, who fell wounded. The ball entered his jaw, came out at the left shoulder blade, and passed through the knapsack. The wounded man was immediately conveyed to the military hospital in Kinsale, and but little hopes are entertained of his recovery. Andrews was placed under arrest, and the following day handed over to the civil authorities, by whom he was committed for further examination. It does not appear that any ill-feeling existed between these two men, or that he who fired the shot was actuated by any other feeling than the resentful impulse of the moment. Immediately after firing he cast away his rifle, and on being interrogated, stated he did not think of its being loaded when presenting it at the unfortunate man, who now lies in a hopeless state.

At the police office a woman, named Eliza Walsh, was fined 10s., or a week's imprisonment, for a violent assault on a laboring man named John Connell. To save her from ill-treatment by her husband, Connell interfered and got a dreadful cut from a stone thrown by the wife for making himself so busy.

Examiners for the Queen's Universities, Cork, Galway, and Belfast, were elected on the 16th July, and the examination will begin on the 15th September.

Down.

We have received the following particulars regarding an Orange riot, which resulted in loss of life to one man, and serious injury to several others, in the town of Crossgar. The Orangemen of the town and neighborhood of Crossgar assembled there about nine o'clock, on the night of the 1st of July, and began to beat drums and play their favorite airs on fifes and other musical instruments. For some time they were allowed to proceed unmolested in their foolish performances; but the sound of the drum attracted the attention of the navvies who were employed at the construction of the extension line of the County Down Railway, which will have a terminus at Crossgar. These men were reinforced by a number of young fellows of the opposite faction to the Orangemen, and a breach of the peace was committed. By whom, or in what manner, the riot was begun, we have been unable to learn; but it is certain that the rankling bitterness of years was aroused, and a spirit of revenge evoked, which was too terribly gratified. Firearms were used, the wounds were inflicted by other and not less deadly weapons. For two hours Crossgar was one scene of lawless violence and confusion, and the worst passions were excited to an intense degree. In the contest an aged man, named Martin, from Ballywoollen, was shot dead. He was in no way connected with the riotous proceedings; and when he was so suddenly deprived of life, was in the act of accompanying a female friend out of Crossgar, so as to be out of danger. His remains were removed to the police barracks, where they lay till an inquest was held upon them by John A. Ward, Esq., coroner for the district. There are many persons seriously injured, but the particulars have not been precisely ascertained. Many houses have suffered severely—those of obnoxious individuals in particular. We hear that the house of Mr. Daniel Smith, publican, has been completely riddled with bullets; and some other premises in the town have suffered in a similar way. This is a lamentable occurrence in a locality but too celebrated for outrages originating in party spleen. Surely something might be done to put a stop to all demonstrations calculated to give offence to any individual, especially on religious or political grounds.—*Belfast Mercury.*

Dublin.

Margaret Hennessy, the wife of Pierce Hennessy, who, it will be remembered, perished in April last, his body having been found in the river Liffey, under circumstances which led to the arrest and committal for wilful murder of Joseph Young, now out on bail, died, in childbirth, at her residence in Poolbeg street. The deceased woman was a material witness for the prosecution of the man Young, and was examined at great length before the magistrates. Since the untimely death of her husband this unfortunate woman was in the habit of attending, with her two children, the proselytizing school in Townsend street. Within the last few days, finding herself very feeble, and being apprehensive of not surviving her approaching confinement, sent to request the attendance of the Rev. Canon Lynch, of Westland Row Church. The reverend gentleman promptly acceded to the call, when the poor creature confessed, with deep regret, the error into which she had been led, attributing the act to her extreme poverty. She was reconciled to the Church, and received the last sacraments from the hands of the reverend canon, who was unwearied in his charitable attention to her. One of the proselytizing parsons of the neighborhood made an effort to force his way to the bedside of the dying woman; some excitement was created, a crowd collected, and the police were sent for. A police sergeant opened the door and allowed the Protestant clergyman to enter the poor woman's apartment, but she had just expired. His reverence, who was accompanied by one of the biblical commentators of the establishment, retired evidently much discomfited.—*Freeman.*

Prince Napoleon arrived at Kingstown in the imperial steamer La Reine Hortense. Several pieces of artillery were drawn up on the pier for the purpose of having a salute fired, but, at the request of his Imperial Highness, the intention was not carried out, as he wished his visit to be considered as rather private than otherwise.

The flour retailers of Dublin have resolved not to purchase from millers who will not allow 20 stone 6 lbs. to the sack, owing to the great waste which occurs in selling out small quantities. Several factors have complied.

Excellent new grass corned butter for domestic use is selling in Dublin at 8d. per lb., and old potatoes at 4d. per stone; new potatoes, 9 1-2d. per stone; hay, £3 10s. per ton for best; straw, 40s. to 50s.

Steamers now leave Kingstown daily for Holyhead at half-past two o'clock, P. M., and Holyhead for Dublin at nine each morning, Sundays and Mondays excepted.

The petition of Mr. Edward Hayes, late a Lieutenant in the 18th Royal Irish, was heard in the Insolvent Court, Dublin, on the 15th ult.

Four tons weight of preserved salmon were shipped at Dublin for Australia.

Galway.

The July fair of Ballinasloe was held on Saturday, 4th of July. There appeared to be rather more stock than at the fair of last year, and cattle in superior condition brought about £1 additional. Inferior cattle, however, were not in much demand, and store heifers sold at from £12 downwards, one or two nice lots having been disposed of at £10 and £9. Sheep fully maintained their prices, and sold at an advance of from 1s. to 3s. per head. Some lots of wethers brought 55s., 52s., and 50s. per head. Ewes in fair condition brought 45s. to 50s. There were some milch cows, which sold at from £20 downwards. The fair was well attended both by buyers and sellers, and the latter were on the whole well satisfied.

Miss M'Kee, as agent of a Scotch company for the employment of females in fancy work, has arrived in Gort and advertised for 1,000 workers.

Kerry.

At the Killarney fair, some trifling dispute arose between a farmer named Keane, and some men of J. C. O'Beardon's, Esq., concerning some sheep of the former, who placed them near the Custom Gap, at Fairhill, and to which locale the latter considered they had the best claim, as their master is entitled to the tolls of the fair. "From words they came to blows;" in the *melee*, John Keane, son of the farmer, a young, able, handsome, quiet man, who has been but a few months married, received a blow from one of the opposite party, named John Moriarty, behind the ear. The police having taken them both into custody, took them before a magistrate, who ordered mutual summonses. While getting these at Mr. O'Halloran's office, Keane got a retching and was obliged to go to his house in High street, where he became speechless, and, melancholy to relate, died in about an hour after.—*Tralee Chronicle.*

Nearly 350 firkins of butter were exhibited for sale at Tarbert market, and almost all was briskly bought up, at fair and remunerative prices. There was a very good attendance of buyers, and all parties expressed their satisfaction at the manner in which the market was conducted. In the evening the butter-buyers were entertained to a sumptuous dinner at the hotel.

The business of the fair at Killorglin, county Kerry, on Monday, was put a stop to by a terrible thunder storm, succeeded by torrents of rain.

Limerick.

The increasing efflux of emigrants from all parts of this country is something terrible. They are clearing away in an incessant succession of greater numbers. The prospect of better positions in America is an incentive, but we understand that hundreds are compelled to depart, expelled by the landowners who are consolidating holdings and consigning them to large graziers and others. The power of eviction is, in fact, in full force without the application of the grappling hook and the crowbar, or the cramming of workhouses by which evictions and house-levelling were heretofore signified.—*Munster News.*

At the City Police Court Michael Hanley, a youth aged 15 years, and who stated he was from Nenagh, was brought up by Constable Nash, charged with breaking into St. Michael's Chapel, and robbing three charity boxes which were permanently fixed within the edifice of their contents, estimated at £5. The Bench sentenced the offender to three months' imprisonment.

A countryman's horse took head in Upper William street, and running away with a car attached, knocked down a gas lamp, and would have destroyed human life were the horse not stopped by two Artillerymen.

Every day 20 or 30 small farmers and laborers pass through here from Clare and Kerry to emigrate from Liverpool.

Mayo.

At the last quarter sessions held at Castlebar 18 ejectment decrees were obtained at the suit of the Marquis of Sligo.

Westmeath.

On Wednesday, the 24th of June, the Right Rev. Dr. Gillooly, Coadjutor Bishop of Elphin, got possession of the buildings and grounds of Summerhill, near Athlone, for the purpose of a lay and ecclesiastical college. To many of our readers it is quite unnecessary to say it would be difficult, indeed, to find a place more admirably suited, in every way, for such an institution. The demesne and grounds, so well known in the neighborhood for their delightful situation and for the tasteful style in which they are laid out and planted, contain about seventy statute acres. In the centre of these grounds, besides the original mansion, it so happens that two lofty and extensive ranges of buildings had been erected only a few years ago for educational purposes, and by a singular providence these buildings are now about to revert to their original destination. Directions have been given for certain changes and improvements in the buildings already erected, and also for some additional buildings which are required for the extensive scale and respectable style in which the seminary is to be conducted. The Right Rev. Dr. Gillooly spent the greater part of last week personally inspecting the grounds and buildings, preparing plans and making the necessary arrangements with a respectable contractor for the furnishing of the halls, class-rooms, and dormitories of the entire establishment. Every thing must be completed and supplied early in August, as the college is to be opened and in full working order on the 1st of next September.—*Freeman's Journal.*

ASSIZES INTELLIGENCE.

Donegal.—The following gentlemen were empannelled as the grand jury, before the High Sheriff, Sir W. F. Heygate, Bart.: Sir James Stewart, Bart., foreman; Alex. J. R. Stewart, W. W. M. Style, John Ferguson, George Knox, James S. Doherty, Isaac Colhoun, Francis Foster, Wybrants Olphert, J. G. Wood, Thomas Batt, J. T. Macky, J. V. Stewart, B. G. Humfrey, Wm. Fenwick, Wm. Maclennan, Wm. Humphreys, G. C. G. Wray, James Cochrane, G. V. Wilson, J. G. Bowen, John Beers, and John Sproule, Esqrs. Sir James Stewart drew the attention of the grand jury to the fact that the county gentry, at meetings recently held in Donegal and Letterkenny, had agreed to take the necessary steps to have the county of Donegal withdrawn from the Lunatic Asylum District, of which Londonderry is the centre. It was stated that, by borrowing £20,000, payable in twenty yearly instalments, an asylum might be built, within the county, for the accommodation of Donegal patients. The repayment of this sum would create a tax of about 1-2d in the pound on the county valuation, and, with the amount which the Derry asylum is entitled to refund to Donegal on its withdrawal from the district, would be sufficient to erect an asylum for the exclusive accommodation of the county Donegal patients. The grand jury unanimously agreed to adopt the resolutions entered into at the meetings in question.

Cavan—Presentation of White Gloves.—Judge Crampton entered court at three o'clock, P.M., and after the grand jury were sworn, said that he was happy to find that there was no calendar placed before him. This was not owing to any neglect on the part of their worthy High Sheriff, but arose from the fact that there were no names to put on it. Under these circumstances any remarks of his would be an unwarrantable intrusion on their time, which was now their own. They could therefore leave for their respective residences as soon as they pleased. In conclusion, he had only to hope that the present favorable state of things might be permanent. The High Sheriff then presented his lordship with a pair of white gloves, and, in doing so, expressed a hope that it might be the lot of those who were to succeed him in his office to perform a similar duty. His lordship thanked him, and expressed a similar wish. There are only a few cases to come before Baron Pennefather in the Record Court, and all the business of the assizes will likely terminate to-morrow. —*Correspondent of the Dublin Freeman.*

Drogheda.—At the fiscal business of the grand jury the presentments for injuries to property done by the mob during the late election riots were reconsidered, and *fixed* by the judge of assizes. The omission of the initials J.P. after the magistrates' names who had verified the affidavits of the claimants for compensation, on which the opposing party mainly relied, was considered insufficient; besides which, by an *obiter dictum*, the judge held that the Mayor of Drogheda, Mr. Carty, was not of right chairman of the presentment sessions, and that to sit in that capacity he should have been elected by the attending magistrates, which was resisted by his worship at the late presentment session.

Ennis.—The following grand jury was sworn in at the Court House, Ennis, before the High Sheriff, James O'Brien, Esq., for the discharge of fiscal business: Colonel C. M. Vandeleur, foreman; Captain A. Butler, Simon George Purdon, E. J. Armstrong, John Singleton, Thomas De Clare Studdert, Thomas Crowe, Charles George O'Callaghan, Francis Gore, Captain William Stackpoole, William J. Skerritt, Francis Comyn, Captain Marcus Patterson, James Tymons, William John Harrison Moreland, Marcus Keane, Pierce Creegh, Maurice O'Connell, Burdett Morony, Captain Andrew Stacpoole, John Enright, Nicholas Butler, and Thomas Keane, Esqrs.

County Leitrim Grand Jury.—H. L. Montgomery, Esq., M. P., (foreman); William Johnston, Colonel J. J. White, George White, Francis Latouche, Hugh O'Beirne, John R. Dickson, Robert Collins, Guy Lloyd, John Johnston, Arthur W. S. Birchall, William Lawder, Simon Armstrong, Archibald Godley, John Kane, John F. Tottenham, Henry M. Palmer, Joshua Kell, Francis Waldron, George R. Peyton, Francis M. Olpherts, George H. Lestrange, and Maurice C. Maude.

Limerick.—The Limerick assizes commenced on Monday, the 13th ult. The grand jury were sworn in for the discharge of fiscal business. The judges are the Chief Baron and the Right Hon. Judge Ball. The business will be light. There are two special records, one of which, connected with the city, was tried before. One breach of promise case will also, in all likelihood, be tried. Scarcely a criminal case is for trial in the city.—*Munster News.*

Fermanagh.—The commisson was opened by the Hon. Baron Pennefather, when the grand jury was re-sworn. Baron Pennefather addressed them very briefly, remarking on the smallness of the calendars throughout the circuit, especially in the counties of Longford and Cavan, where there were no prisoners at all for trial, and regretting that their county, though the calendar was light, could not be classed in the catalogue.

THE IRISH VICEROYALTY.

On Tuesday Mr. Roebuck brought forward his motion for the abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty. It was opposed by Lord Palmerston, who did not meet the proposition with a direct negative, but simply put it aside by voting for "the previous question." Mr. Roebuck's motion was defeated by Lord Palmerston's obedient majority, but from the tone of the debate it is easy to see that the days of the sham court on Cork-hill are numbered. We differ entirely with Mr. Roebuck as to the results likely to flow from the withdrawal of the Lord Lieutenancy. We know it will not be the means of assimilating Cork and York in any single particular; it will not render Ireland a fractional part of Great Britain. The departure of the corruption agent of England from Dublin will not dry up the strong current of Irish feeling or change the Irish heart. It would as soon dry up the Irish Channel, and turn the island round as on an axis from the position in which God has placed her with "her back towards Britain, her face to the west." But widely as our motives differ

from those of Mr. Roebuck, we are glad to believe that the motion he has proposed will, ere long, be carried. No hearty defence was made during the debate for the mock court at Dublin Castle. Mr. Whiteside tried to make an argument in its favor, but the plain facts, like the largest pebbles in a heap, would come uppermost. He said he firmly believed that were Ireland as far removed from England as Canada, the system of government that was adopted would soon be blown to pieces like a house of cards. Again, he said the local government of Ireland was opposed to nine-tenths of the industry, the intelligence, and the intellect of its people. Mr. Whiteside voted in favor of retaining the government he described, but his conduct is explained by his candid confession that "his attachments, political and religious, were with England." Mr. Grogan made an appeal *ad miserecordiam* on behalf of the Tabinet interest. Mr. Bagwell spoke and voted against the motion of Mr. Roebuck. Mr. Maguire made a powerful speech in favor of it, but voted against it, on the ground that Mr. Roebuck's motion provided no substitute for the Lord Lieutenant. Mr. Pat O'Brien thought the articles of the act of union guaranteed the existence of the viceroyalty. But the general cry was, "another time for the motion, and another man, and it shall be carried." No argument, says the *Times*, was used on Tuesday night for the continuance of the fiction at Dublin Castle except the difficulty of devising a substitute, particularly just now at the end of a session. There is no doubt, writes the *Morning Post*, that in due time the office will disappear, but it will not disappear at the bidding of Mr. Roebuck, nor will its abolition have the effects which he attributes to it. The Irish peasantry, writes the *Morning Star*, is doomed. No majority on a division could have condemned it more decisively than the fact that the argument was all one way. The viceroyalty may continue to exist for a few years longer, but the first blast of popular commotion will overturn it. It was abundantly proved in the course of the discussion that it had no friend in parliament, none in the country, none anywhere, even in Ireland, except in the city of Dublin. Ministers support it because they cannot be at the trouble to provide a substitute. The house supports it, too, because it cannot be at the trouble to quarrel with ministers. The country tolerates it, because they are indifferent to all political questions. But it has no root in the soil, and when it ceases to exist there will be none to lament its downfall.—*Nation.*

THE O'CONNELL MONUMENT—SMITH O'BRIEN.

The following letter from William Smith O'Brien on the subject of the O'Connell Monument in Limerick, is a noble tribute from a great Irishman to the memory of another. We are glad to see that our greatest living patriot, while he warmly commends the spirit that would do honor to the name of the Liberator, rebukes the servility displayed in the same quarter a little time ago, when the representative of English rule in this country was received with all possible show and fulsome adulation:

"Cahirmoyle, Newcastle West, July 1, 1857.

"My Dear Sir:—Perceiving by the *Limerick Reporter*, of this date, that the O'Connell statue is to be inaugurated on the 15th of August, I am desirous to co-operate with the citizens of Limerick in the erection of that monument; and though for several reasons I shall not be present on the occasion, I beg to tender my subscription towards the expenses which may be incurred in connection with the proceedings of that day.

"I, therefore, enclose an order in your favor for £5, of which I would wish £2 to be placed at the disposal of the congregated trades, and £3 to be handed to the treasurer of the O'Connell Monument Fund.

"It is well known that I differed with Mr. O'Connell in regard of some parts of his policy with the same earnestness of purpose as I displayed in sustaining him at the most critical period of his public life; but I have never ceased to regard him as one of the greatest historical characters of our country, and as a man who was endowed with many virtues, as well as with gigantic powers.

"When I remember the parade with which an English Viceroy was received in Limerick about this time last year, I confess that I should feel ashamed of my countrymen if they failed to exhibit at least equal alacrity and surpassing enthusiasm in doing honor to the memory of one of the most illustrious men that Ireland has produced.

"I trust, therefore, that without any compromise of conscientious opinion, past differences will upon this occasion at least be forgotten, and that the manifestation of public feeling will be commensurate with Mr. O'Connell's claims to the gratitude of a large majority of the Irish nation.

"I remain, my dear sir, yours very sincerely, William Smith O'Brien.

"To the Worshipful the Mayor of Limerick."

SCOTLAND.

Madeleine Smith.—The trial which was brought to a conclusion in the High Court of Justiciary, at Edinburgh, on Thursday, 9th of July, is perhaps one of the most remarkable within living memory. It is not that a fellow-creature in the prime of life was suddenly cut off by poison, under circumstances which led to more than suspicion that he had been murdered. Neither is it because there was a cloud of mystery over the end of the deceased; for murder is a crime usually perpetrated in the dark, with no eye to witness the stroke of the knife or the administration of the deadly drug. It is not solely that the station, sex, or age of the accused were calculated to excite sympathy; for in this and other countries women as young and as fair have been convicted of crimes as heinous as that with which Madeleine Smith was charged. The public excitement which spread from the court-room at Edinburgh to the farthest extremities of the kingdom was caused less by the fact immediately under inquiry than by the preceding circumstances. The crowded audience in the court, and the millions who eagerly read the reports supplied from day to day by the newspapers, felt themselves transported out of the realm of real life. The extraordinary interest which attached to the trial of Madeleine Smith arose from the fact that the crime with which she was charged had no relation to the common forms. The story of her amour with the deceased L'Angellier comprises a flagrant scandal, a startling tragedy, and an unfathomable mystery. A social depth has been unveiled, into which none can gaze without shuddering awe.

Before coming to the ascertained facts of this strange history, we must pause to take a view of the picture presented for nine days in the High Court of Justiciary. It is crowded to excess. On the bench sits the the presiding judge, grave, solemn, calm, and impartial, as befits a man trying an issue of life and death. At the bar the most eminent advocates of Scotland are bringing all the resources of legal knowledge, of experience, and of skilled intellect to the prosecution and the defence. The jury, who are the last arbiters, and on whom rests the heavy responsibility of deciding between the conflicting evidence and arguments, are anxiously attentive. Advocates, Writers to the Signet, and all who have an official right to be present, overflow the spaces allotted to them. The outside public are represented by a score or more of reporters, whose pencils are busily employed noting down every word and every event. The galleries are filled with members of the aristocracy; ministers of religion are there in large numbers, and ladies are mingled with the throng. The central figure is Madeleine Smith. She is twenty-one years of age, but looks older. In height she is about five feet two inches, and her figure is elegant and well proportioned. Everybody is attracted by her eyes, deep-set, large, and lustrous. Some think them beautiful, and others remark that the expression is not prepossessing. Her face inclines to the oval, with a full forehead, and a nose too straight to be pronounced Roman, and not regular enough for the Grecian type. Her complexion is clear and fresh, with a high color. She is dressed tastefully, and with studied simplicity. Her robe is of rich brown silk, and she wears a large brooch low set in the corsage. Her hands are covered with well-knitted kid gloves, and her rich black hair is but partially covered by a bonnet of the smallest fashionable shape. She surprises the spectators by her imperturbable calmness, and although she evinces no lack of interest in the proceedings, there is nothing in her manner to show that she is the person most interested in the result of the trial. She is not abashed by the general gaze, but returns every look, and examines in her turn. Her lips wear an invariable smile, which brightens when her leading counsel addresses a few words. Everything in her appearance and actions denotes "such endurance as only a will of terrible strength could attain." She is supported by consciousness of innocence or by a remorseless hardihood, incredible in one so young. Once only she displays emotion. It is when the letters addressed by her to L'Angellier, containing her passionate ravings, her pitiful pleadings, and the words of anguish with which she tried to move the compassion and the mercy of the man to whom she had given her love and sacrificed her honor, are read aloud in cold tones by the clerk of the court. No wonder that she bends her head on the railings of the dock, and seeks to cover her face with her hands. It is a moment of unspeakable shame and bitter anguish. When the charge of the judge is concluded she alone waits the verdict with calmness, and she retires from the dock as unmoved as when she entered it. Her greatest, her life-long trial, is yet to come, and happy for her if she can meet it without the weight of blood-guiltiness on her conscience.

National Collections.—A return was ordered by the House of Commons a short time since showing how far, in the different collections of works of art, objects of historical interest or of science, in Scotland, the rule has been observed of attaching to the objects of art a brief account thereof. The very desirable practice of appending a descriptive label to each article or picture appears to be adopted at the Royal Botanical Gardens in Edinburgh, the Royal Society in Edinburgh, the Board of Trustees for Manufactures in Edinburgh, and the Museum of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. In Holyrood Palace, however, the old objectionable system of catalogues is retained, the pictures and objects being merely numbered (in reference to the catalogue, which is, of course, to be paid for). In the Crown Room of Edinburgh Castle, at Linlithgow Palace, at Glasgow Cathedral, and at various abbeys in Scotland, the curiosities are shown by keepers, who not only charge visitors for admission, but sell "guide books."

The Bothy System.—The disgraceful accommodation still provided for farm servants on many farms in Scotland came under notice at a Justice of Peace Court at Montrose lately, in a charge of desertion of service brought against George Mason, farm servant, by Mr. J. Smith, of Haughs of Kinnaird, the defence turning on the unfitness of the bothy and loft for human accommodation. The loft or sleeping-place for six men consisted of a corner of the stable-loft, five feet six inches in height, but sloping down at one side, six feet six inches in breadth, and fourteen or fifteen feet in length. The bothy proper, or day apartment, was circular, and about twelve or thirteen feet in diameter, and six feet in height, and had no window or other opening for ventilation, except the door and the chimney. A conviction was not pressed for under the circumstances, and the justice adjourned the Court till an inspection was made by impartial medical men.

Bad News for the Whales.—The *Scottish Record* describes some experiments which were tried at Havre last week with M. Devisme's explosive bullets, for the purpose of applying the idea to the destruction of whales in place of the harpoon. A large mass of fat and straw, to represent a whale, was fired into from a considerable distance; and the bullet, bursting inside, tore the huge bulk to pieces with extraordinary violence. There cannot be any doubt that a whale struck with one of these bullets must perish almost instantaneously from the explosion in its interior.

ENGLAND.

Fire Proof Ladies' Dresses.—Within a very short time two young ladies have been burnt to death, owing to their light muslin dresses catching fire from a lucifer match—one in London, the other at Colchester. It ought to be generally known that all ladies' light dresses may be made fire proof at a mere nominal cost, by steeping them, or the linen or cotten used in making them, in a diluted solution of chloride of zinc. We have seen the finest cambric so prepared held in the flame of a candle, and charred to dust, without the least flame; and we have been informed that since Clara Webster, a dancer, was burned to death, from her clothes catching fire on the stage, the muslin dresses of all the dancers at the best theatres are made fire proof. Our manufacturers should take the hint.—*Medical Times.*

Caution to Nurses.—At the petty sessions at Rochford, Sarah Ball, a nurse in the services of Mr. Ryley, a gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Southend, was brought before the magistrates charged with having cruelly beaten his child, an infant only thirteen months old. The case was fully proved, and the Bench convicted the woman in the penalty of 10s. and costs, or in default of payment to be imprisoned and kept to hard labor for there weeks. The defendant paid the penalty and was discharged with a suitable admonition from the bench.

An Anti-Malthusian.—There resides at Ewood, near Blackburn, a widow named Sarah Walsh, who has just attained her 83rd year. She is remarkably robust and healthy, is the mother of 16 children, grandmother to 105, great-grandmother to 132, and great-great-grandmother to 8 children, making a total of 261 children to whom she is closely related, of whom 206 are now living. The "happy" woman was a mother at 15 years of age, grandmother at 34, great-grandmother at 54, and great-great-grandmother at 77 years of age.

The Atlantic Submarine Cable.—The shipment of the Niagara's portion of the great Transatlantic Telegraph Cable is proceeding satisfactorily. About 320 tons of the cable have been put on board, being at the rate of 50 tons per day since the work commenced. The Niagara was expected to be ready for sea by the 20th of July. With the cable and stores on board she will draw about 25 feet of water.

An Ingenious Swindle.—A good-looking young woman went to Mr. Coppinger's, the Castle Inn, Eltham, and ordered a bottle of wine to be sent to the house of Colonel Thomas, known as Well Hall. Having thus delivered her order, she retraced her steps and crossed the field between the inn and Colonel Thomas's house; but suddenly returning, she met the potman, received the bottle of wine from him, and told him the colonel required two more bottles, with change for a £10 note. During the potman's absence she walked to the colonel's house, and concealed herself in the corridor until she again saw the potman approaching, and on his giving her the two bottles of wine with the £10, she said her master was then at dinner and could not be disturbed; but she had received a further order to send for three bottles of champagne, and by the time he returned she would obtain the note and money for the wine. On his again appearing, however, he discovered that the young woman and the transaction were entirely unknown. At present she has escaped detection. One bottle of wine has since been discovered in the field.

Anticipated Indian News.—The next telegraphic intelligence from India by the Overland Mail, *via* Trieste, was not expected before the 12th or 13th ult. at the earliest, although the vessels on the present occasion are fast ones. The government, however, consider it probable that the authorities at Bombay, upon any great occurrence, would be likely to despatch a special steamer, in which case fresh accounts may arrive at any moment.

Trophies of the Late War.—Lord Panmure has acceded to a request made by the Bristol Town Council for a trophy of the late Russian war, and has presented the city with two 32-pounder guns. Steps are being taken by the municipal authorities for the construction of suitable carriages for the guns, and as soon as these are prepared they will be mounted on Branden hill, an eminence commanding the city.

American Independence.—On the anniversary of American independence, the American merchants residing in Liverpool, in honor of the day, invited the captain and officers of the United States frigate Niagara to a banquet at the Adelphi Hotel in that town.

At the Liverpool police court, George B. Gurney, principal salesman and cashier to Mr. Milner, manufacturer of the patent holdfast safes, was committed for trial on a charge of embezzling £1,000.

IRISH MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

July 7, in St. Anne's Church, Dublin, by the Rev. Alexander Leeper, Robert Newell, Esq., of Gowran, in the county Kilkenny, to Susan Antonia, second daughter of Frank Thorpe Porter, Esq., of Upper Merrion street.

July 2, at Kells, county Kilkenny, James Langrishe, Esq., son of the Rev. Sir R. H. Langrishe, Bart., of Knoctopher Abbey, county Kilkenny, to Adela de Blois Eccles, of London.

July 4, at Kenstetown Church, Ralph, son of Ralph Smythe, Esq., of Newtown House, county Louth, to Mary Henrietta, daughter of the late Henry Smith, Esq., of Anneshrook, county Meath.

July 1, at Holy Trivity Church, Birkenhead, the Rev. James P. Jaunt, Vicar of Killyon, county Galway, diocese of Elphin, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. F. Ould, Rector of Rathmore, county Kildare, and formerly Prebendary of Connor.

In Cork, John Chambers, Esq., Provincial Bank of Ireland, Cork, to Maria, daughter of the late Thomas Sweeny, Esq., M.D., Enniskymon.

July 2, at the Presbyterian Church, Cookstown, by Rev. Dr. Morgan, William Glenn, Esq., Indianopol's, United States, to Maria Ann, eldest daughter of W. Morgan, Esq., Cookstown.

June 18, at Carrickfergus Church, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, the Very Rev. the Dean of Connor, to Anne, second daughter of the late Peter Kirk, Esq., formerly M.P. for Carrickfergus.

DEATHS.

July 5, at the residence of his mother, No. 3 Portobello Harbor, after a tedious illness of four years, which ended in rapid consumption, Mr. Robert Patterson, aged 22 years.

July 6, at the residence of his grandmother, Roundwood, John Spelman, jun., third son of Mr. John Spelman, of Patrick street, Dublin.

July 6, at Irishtown, Sandymount, Emily Francis, only child of Mr. R. M. Carnagie, South Patrick's close, aged seven months.

July 4, in Lower Leeson street, Dublin, Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Richard Trotter, Esq., of Rock Island, in the county of Cork.

July 5, at 3 Greenville street, Mountjoy square, Mrs. Abigail Nixon (widow of late Captain Geo. E. Nixon, H.M.'s 25th regiment of Foot), aged 82, much regretted by her family and friends.

July 8, at 55 Leinster road, Rathmines, aged 62 years, Mr. Patrick McEvoy, of Redmond's hill.

July 8, Mrs. Margaret M'Donnell, mother of the Rev. Joseph M'Donnell, of Clondalkin, county Dublin, in the 58th year of her age.

July 8, at Fox and Geese, county Dublin, the residence of her father, after a long and protracted illness, Susan, second eldest daughter of Mr. Michael Flood, aged 15 years.

At Kilkenny, suddenly, C. Maxwell, Esq., proprietor of the *Kilkenny Journal*.

July 4, at his residence, Mullingar, Mr. Henry Gilmor, merchant, aged 54 years.

June 26, at Blennerville, county Kerry, Joseph Smith, Esq., late of the 48th regiment, aged 33.

July 1, at Brighton, aged 78, Sarah, relict of T. C. Bunbury, Esq., late of Bunbury Lodge, county Carlow.

At Cloneygown, King's county, aged 67, Mr. Robert Hamill.

June 25, at St. Heller's, Jersey, Charlotte widow of Jasper Debrissy, Esq., formerly of Kilmacud, near Dublin.

June 26, at Hastings, George West, Esq., of London, third son of Jacob West, Esq., Loughlinstown House, Dublin, aged 65.

June 29, at his residence, Wellfort, county Galway, Richard D'Arcy, Esq., J.P. As a resident proprietor, magistrate and chairman of the Glan Union, Mr. D'Arcy won the affection and esteem of a numerous circle of friends, and his memory will be long cherished by the poor to whom he was ever generous and kind.

THE ANCIENT WRITERS OF IRELAND.

Eugene Curry delivered another of his admirable lectures on the above interesting subject before the students of the Catholic University. It is almost needless to remind our readers that Mr. Curry is Professor of Archæology in the above institution, and with the exception of John O'Donovan, the most thorough Irish scholar and antiquarian now alive. The learned professor, amongst others, alluded to

COLMAN UA CLASAIGH,

whose elegy on the Bishop of Clonfert is given in the Annals of the Four Masters. He said:

Fragments of his writings, which are preserved in the library of Trinity College and the *liber Hymnorum*, show the identity of the doctrines which have been taught in the various ages of an unchangeable Church. As in the the present day Catholicity invokes the Saints—in the days of Colman it likewise invoked them. In the year 661 Colman ua Clasaigh died. The *liber Hymnorum*, 1,200 years old, which contains a portion of Colman's writings, is one of the most valuable documents in Europe. In Ireland a fragment alone is found. St. Isidores in Rome contains a copy. Though that copy might be useful here, and cannot possibly be serviceable there, the lecturer had vainly solicited a loan of it from St. Isidore's. The number of pupils from Colman habitually taught was fifty. He retired with his band of pupils into an isle off the coast of Ireland, between 657 and 664, when the yellow disease was ravaging this country.

It was a prevalent opinion, that beyond nine waves from the shore, the malignant influence of the pestilence could not pursue mankind. He composed in this insular retreat the "sciath," or "shield against the yellow disease," when the two kings of Ireland had been hurried by pestilence to the tomb. It would appear from this, and several other instances, that fifty pupils formed the ordinary train of an Irish professor. This poem, in which the saints and patriarchs are fervently invoked, proves that the doctrine of the Church on the subject of saintly intercession—unchanged by ages—has been always identical.

CINNFAELADH THE LEARNED.

Among the distinguished scholars of that century, the most remarkable not only in Ireland, but in Europe, was *Cinnfaeladh*, the Learned. The original profession of Cinnfaeladh was arms, but having been wounded in battle, he was borne bleeding from the field and doposited apparently lifeless, in the residence of the primate, which stood adjacent to the scene of hostilities. He was conveyed from this place in a languishing state into Cavan, where he was deposited in a great, collegiate establishment, which stood where three streets met and was composed itself of three houses. Here he remained for 12 months, during which his wound, which was cerebral, was diligently attended to, and finally cured; but with the loss of a portion of the brain. The effect of this effusion was most extraordinary. The intellect appears to have been improved by the loss of the brain, and his mind became amazingly retentive and lucid. The wounded soldier, to wile away the time, hobbled into the schools, where he sat and listened with profound attention to the lectures. Each of these schools was presided over by a professor. Law was taught in one, poetry in a second, in a third classics. All that he heard in the schools the retentive memory of the convalescent soldier diligently conserved. If he passed his day in listening to the lectures, at night he passed his time in committing them to the pages of a blank book. At a subsequent period this eminent scholar laid the foundation of comparative philology in a tract entitled *Uraicepht*. This tract is preserved in the "Book of Ballymote." It begins with the question, "What is the time, the place, the author, and the cause of the production of the *Uraicepht?*" "It is not difficult to reply," adds the tract—"The place is Eaman of Macha; the time, that of Connor Mac Nessa; the cause, to impart knowledge to ignorance; the author, *Ferceirtne* the Poet, while *Cinnfaeladh* revised it in the time of Ao, son of Ainmireach." Such is the commencement of a tract in which the foundation of comparative philology was laid by an Irish scholar. In addition, Cinnfaeladh compiled a law tract which the Brehon Law Commissioners will speedily give to the world. A Poem of fifty-six verses was likewise ascribed to Cinnfaeladh. It begins, "*Do luidh Golamh asin Scitia.*"—"Golamh departed from Scythia." This poem, which describes the travels of Golamh from Scythia to Spain, and from Spain to Ireland, is contained in the "Book of Leacan."

A poem on the central hall of Tara is ascribed to Cinnfaeladh by Edward O'Reilly, in his "Account of Irish writers." He died in 678.

THE POETESS LAITHEOG.

Among the writers who adorned Ireland in the ninth century, the poetess *Laitheog* merited the notice of the lecturer. A poem was still extant, which this lady addressed to her son, Flann MacLonan, who, like her, was eminently gifted with poetic genius. The poem opened with the words *bendact ort a Flann aidne*, "blessing on thee, oh! Flann of Aidne." Profuse generosity is strenuously inculcated in this poem, as a most important duty. Her son should keep a house of hospitality, and entertain the learned who visited him, with lavish profusion.

FLANN MACLONAN.

The son of this lady, Flann MacLonan, flourished at the end of the ninth century. In the reign of Flann Sionna, this native of Connaught was chief poet of Ireland. In connection with one of MacLonan's poems a curious tradition was related. Another poet (not MacLonan) was described as journeying across the gloomy range of mountains, which stretches along between Galway and Clare. This poet was accompanied by a princely train of attendants, pupils, minstrels, &c. Weary with the length of the way he sat down on the slope of a hill, and gazed on the wide panorama of hill and dale that spread magnificently around him. The extent of the prospect became naturally the subject of conversation between the poet and his people. "In these mountains there is many a hill, many a forest, lake, and rivulet—no man could ever know them all," observed the poet. "I am acquainted with a man who can repeat the name of every wood, lake, river, valley, and elevation, in all this range," exclaimed one of his servants. "That is an incorrigible liar," replied the poet, "let him be hanged." The sentence thus hastily pronounced was not immediately executed. Night passed away, and when the morning broke—ere the decree could be carried into execution—they saw a stranger approaching. This proved to be the poet MacLonan, who on seeing preparations made to realize the sentence, interceded on behalf of the condemned, and offered to recite a poem descriptive of the dells and hills, forests, lakes, and rivers, repeating their names and assigning reasons for those names. The poet passes from a topography of the mountains to an eulogy of the Dalcassians. They are the most generous race on the earth, he says. On one occasion he met a Dalcassian who had spent a year in Galway. He was now on his way to his native district; he was not altogether destitute of property. By a year's servitude in Galway, the Dalcassian had earned a mantle and a cow. The heroic Dalcassian, as they travelled together, said to the minstrel, "the tales of my native land ever sound sweet to mine ear; sing me some noble lay of my native land." The minstrel complied, and the generous Dalcassian, when he had done, rewarded him with all his wealth, gave him his whole year's earnings, his mantle, and his cow. But his gallant clansmen, when he went home, repaid him for this noble appreciation of merit in a minstrel, and gave him ten cows for every quarter of his cow. This most curious poem concludes with some account of the death of MacLonan, who was killed by robbers in the Desies of Munster. The learned lecturer concluded amid prolonged applause.—*Nation.*

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

ROYAL HUSBANDS WANTED.—There are in Germany alone, at the present moment, fifty marriageable princesses, with more or less of royal and serene blood in their veins. Such is the announcement of a German newspaper; and sympathizing with so many young princesses—as beautiful, no doubt, as any who was ever the heroine of a fairy tale—we inquire the number of princes in a position to compete for their hands. Europe does not contain more than twenty unmarried princes who have attained or passed their eighteenth year. Supposing each of these to marry, and to choose one of the princesses aforesaid for his bride, thirty would be reduced to the painful alternative of celibacy, or of marrying beneath their rank. The matter wears a serious aspect. In these days the daughters of the nobility and the landed aristocracy do not disdain alliances with vulgar wealth. Will the German princesses so far follow the practice as to unite themselves to plain nobles or country gentlemen? The supply exceeds the demand, and even royal blood running in the veins of German princesses may come down in the market. If the ladies in question follow the rules of nature and common sense what a confusion will be created in royal and princely families. The old state of things will be swept away by a democratic flood. Quarterings will lose their value, and princesses may come to be looked upon with no more awe and admiration than other well-bred and accomplished young ladies. Only think of the Royal Marriage Act being repealed in England, and our princes and princesses married and provided for like the members of an ordinary family. Fancy Prince Albert, like our model Paterfamilias, marrying off his daughters with moderate fortunes, and settling his younger sons upon his private estates. Imagine the English people no longer paying pensions to the Ducal houses of Germany. We cannot follow out all the consequences which may result from the great fact, that there are fifty German princesses of an age to marry, and no more than twenty princes left to marry them.

CHANGING BRIDES.—We have heard a rather amusing story of a circumstance which occurred lately, which we recount for the benefit of our readers. There was to be a wedding, and the bridegroom was eager. Strange to say, at the eleventh hour, the fair bride declared that married she would not be, and that she would half kill her intended if he attempted to go near her. Here was a pretty state of things! A way, however, soon presented itself to get out of the difficulty. In the corner of the room sat the bride's sister. Pitying the poor man, "Will you have me?" she asked. Startling, that! Nevertheless, the man coming to be married, would be married; the matter was soon settled; he answered "Yes;" and so now this little bit of a romance is ended, and the story is no less strange than true.—*Irish Paper.*

ROBERT HOLMES.—It is understood that the learned gentleman is engaged in writing a history of his life and times.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BIRDS OF IRELAND—THE EAGLE AND THE RAVEN.—Here is a good description of the golden eagle, the lord of that section of birds termed Falconidæ: "When a cat was flung to him, it was instantly seized, the body of the eagle thrown forward; his wings and tail enfolded the animal, whilst the bird's eye was keenly directed upon its observers, keeping the same position whilst it was aware of being watched. The cat in no instance attempted to cry out after being flung to him, but appeared to have been at once killed, the eagle never appearing to take a second grasp, but to clutch more firmly its unfortunate prey. But yet the menagerie, or the confined cage, is but a poor substitute for his home on the mountain, plunderer and spoiler though he be. Perched upon the rock of his native wilds, he stands motionless, the neck closely retracted to the shoulder, and, like a true pirate, concealing his weapons of destruction; the talons are almost completely enveloped with the feathers of the abdomen. The lanceolate feathers on his neck resemble a golden collar, as if placed there by nature, to symbolize his royalty, whilst he remains perching for hours upon the same rock he had frequented for an age. But now amid the silence of those grey rocks, the wings are slightly drooped, and he utters his shrill, impatient, 'kleeking' note. Again they are folded up, each feather trimmed, and the crusted blood rubbed from his beak as he glides down, and, after a few hurried flaps, sails majestically to his foray. True for thee, O Ossian: 'It was a source of delight to behold the eagle, and listen to her lonely scream.'

"To see the raven in its native home we must look towards the precipices of our northern and western coast, where unmolested in its haunts, and not subjected to any wanton annoyance, it seems worthy of the honors and dishonors heaped so sparingly upon it. Although not possessing the graceful bearing and deportment distinguishing the noble falcon, there is something in the austere dignity of the raven which awes us into admiration. His black and gloomy appearance is in admirable accordance with the lonely and desolate haunts it frequents. Perched upon some rifted crag, beneath the shadow of the precipice, he seems the seneschal of the shore, watching whatever prey is cast upon its territory. Adapting himself to all localities, he lives indifferently upon carrion, stranded fish, worms, insects, and young birds; and in spring, occasionally, young lambs may be treated rather dubiously with the raven's protection; generally, however, no kind of putrid or decayed animal matter comes amiss."

WHO WERE THE SYBARITES.—Of the Sybarites, a prosperous and powerful nation in the Gulf of Tarentum, few statements have reached us, save of their luxury, fantastic self-indulgence, and extravagant indolence, for which they have become proverbial. Among gay companies "Sybaritic tales" were the sayings and doings of ancient Sybarites. Herodotus tells of one Smyndrides, of Sybaris, "the most delicate and luxurious man ever known," who was said to have taken with him to Greece, on his marriage, 1,000 domestic servants, fishermen, bird catchers, and cooks. Five thousand horsemen, we are told, showily caparisoned, formed the processional march in certain Sybaratic festivals. Aristotle relates that the Sybaratic horses were taught to move to the sound of the flute; and the garments of these wealthy citizens were composed of the finest wood from Miletus in Ionia, with which Sybaris carried on great traffic. The town was named from the river, on which it was built, and this from Sybaris, a fountain in Achaia, which intoxicated the people who drank of it.—*Curiosities of History.*

SAILING OF LADY FRANKLIN'S EXPEDITION.—The Fox screw steamer, fitted out at Aberdeen by Lady Franklin, sailed from that port in search of the remains of Sir John Franklin and his crew. The vessel has been supplied with every article of equipment which could be desired. There was a large concourse of spectators present when the Fox left the docks, who cheered Captain M'Clintock and his crew lustily as they passed along. Lady Franklin and her niece, Sophia, were present, and it was a rather remarkable coincidence, that as the Fox got under weigh the Lady Franklin brig and Sophia, which were both purchased for the Arctic search, under Captain Penny several years ago, should just have left the harbor under the charge of the same Captain Penny, to pursue the whale fishing during the autumn, and, wintering in Cumberland Straits, resume the fishing again in spring. The Fox steamed away to the north, and is expected to make the ice in a week or ten days.

THE PASSION FLOWER.—The following interpretation of this justly-celebrated and much-admired flower will not be found uninteresting. The leaves resemble the spear that pierced our Saviour's side; the tendrils—the cords that bound his hands, or the whips that scourged him; the ten petals—the apostles, Judas having betrayed, and Peter deserted; the pillars in the centre—the cross or tree; the stamina—the hammer; the style—the nails; the inner circle around the centre pillar—the crown of thorns; the radiance—the glory; the white in the flower—the emblem of purity; and the blue—the type of heaven. On one species, the pasiflora altar, even drops of blood are seen upon the cross or tree. This flower continues three days open, and then disappears, thus denoting the resurrection.

LANGUAGE AND WORDS.—It is estimated that there are 587 languages and general dialects in Europe, 937 in Asia, 226 in Africa, and 1,264 in America; in all, nearly 3,000.

THE ZOUAVE TRAPPIST.—The following anecdote gave rise to a very pretty painting by Horace Vernet, now exhibited at the Palais de l'Industrie, and styled the "Zouave Trappiste." Some years since a soldier presented himself to the Superior of the Trappists at Staouli, in Algeria, and told him that he belonged to a regiment of Zouaves, and that he was entitled to his discharge. He added that, having been severely wounded in the head in action, and that having been between life and death for some days he made a vow that if he recovered and was unable to serve as a soldier he would devote himself to God. The Superior received him kindly, requested him to return in a few days, and in the meantime made strict inquiries respecting the soldier of his officers, from whom he received an excellent character. The Zouave returned the day appointed, the Superior examined him at great length, asked him if he had a real vocation, and whether he was prepared to suffer every privation and undergo the severest trials, confiding in God alone to judge him? The soldier replied affirmatively. The next day the Superior assembled the entire community in the chapel and addressed the monks in the following words: "Brethren, a stranger demands to be received among us. He is a soldier, unworthy of that name. He has ever been notorious for bad conduct and want of courage. He solicits an asylum in this house, where he may atone in the bosom of God for the errors of his past life. Let each of you reflect, and to-morrow at the same hour let us know the result of your meditations." At daybreak the monks again assembled in the chapel. The Superior, as on the preceding day, addressed them in the following terms: "Brethren, you will have before you not only the bravest, the most worthy of soldiers, bearing on his forehead a noble scar, but likewise the most resigned, the most humble, and the most virtuous of Christians. Yesterday, in order to expose him to a severe trial, the most unjust accusation was made against him. He suffered all, endured all, placing his confidence in God alone, and expecting from Him a merited reparation. He has thus given you, the very first day of his presence among us, a remarkable example of the great Christian virtues necessary for a monastic life. Henceforth the new brother whom Heaven has sent us will walk at the head of the community to serve as an example for all." The Trappist Zouave lived in the monastery for four years, during which time he edified the community by his profound piety.

CORMORANTS AT THE KERRY LAKES.—The great cormorant nidifies not only on marine rocks, but also on wooded islands in freshwater lakes. Lord Shannon's gamekeeper, at Castle Martyr, declares that he counted one year upwards of eighty cormorants' nests on lofty Scotch fir trees. The curiously-indented mid toe of the cormorant serves the twofold purpose of enabling him to grasp a slippery fish and the bough of a tree. Milton was evidently aware of the tree-perching habits of this bird, for he thus pictures Satan:

> ——up he flew, and on the tree of life
> Sat like a cormorant.

All the fishermen on the Kerry lakes bear this greedy fowl a grudge; and no wonder, for he has prodigious stomach capacity, and can easily dispose of half his weight of fish in a day. —*Weld's Vacations in Ireland.*

THE RED SEA.—Bonaparte, while in Egypt availed himself of a little leisure in order to see something of the country, and one day, when the tide was out, he crossed the Red Sea on foot. On his return he was surprised by the fall of night, and wandered on the sands while the tide was rising all around; he ran a very great risk, and came near perishing exactly in the same way as Pharoah. "Which would have furnished all the preachers in Christendom," said he gaily, "with a magnificent text at my expense."

A very curious circumstance in connection with the murder of Mr. Little, has been communicated to us upon highly credible authority, and may be mentioned in addition to other occurrences and rumors that have been made public on the same painful subject. Amongst the means resorted to shortly after the crime was committed, for assisting to discover the murderer, was clairvoyance, and at the time there was forwarded to the police authorities from England a statement alleged to have been made by a clairvoyant operated upon in the usual way, that the murderer's name was *Pollen*, or a similar name, that he lived in a "cottage near the railway." The clairvoyant was a boy employed in a factory in London, and the foreman of the establishment, who forwarded the communication to the police here, mentioned that the boy's powers in this respect had been frequently tested and found useful.—*Dublin Freeman.*

On the day of Napoleon's inauguration as Emperor, an enormous balloon was sent up bearing a vast crown. It fell in the city of Rome, exactly on the tomb of Nero. The Emperor inquired what had become of it, and was reluctantly informed. It was expected that he would feel annoyed, but he simply answered: "Well! better there than in the mud."

A return has been published of the number of electors in all the counties, cities, and boroughs in Great Britain on the registers of 1856 and 1857. No grand totals, however, are given by the compilers of the return, so that it is impossible to give the aggregate number.

A savage of the Fejee Islands informed Commodore Wilkes that his fellow islanders had refrained from eating one sailor of a crew they had killed because "he tasted too much like tobacco."

HOME MISCELLANY.

SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.—The Troy *Whig* of a recent date says: "It is generally known that the daughter of Governor Marcy passed the 4th of July in the family of an acquaintance in this city. She formed one of a circle of friends, including ladies and gentlemen, at the house during the day. While all the others were in cheerful spirits, it was observed that Miss M. appeared to be depressed in mind. So obvious was this to her companions, that it was made the subject of remark; when she said her mind was unaccountably impressed with the fear that a signal calamity had overtaken some member of her family. Early in the afternoon, the news of the death of Governor Marcy reached the city, and it was known to gentlemen composing the party in which Miss M. was, some time before it was communicated to her. While the gentlemen were in a room by themselves, discussing the manner of conveying to the daughter the sad intelligence, and before she could by any means have received the least intimation of the event, she suddenly threw her handkerchief over her face, and, evidently in deep grief, retired alone up stairs."

ABOUT THE BIRDS.—The *National Intelligencer* gives the following beautiful instance of the kindness shown towards each other by the birds: A gentleman observed in a thicket of bushes near his dwelling a collection of brown thrushes, who for several days had attracted his attention by their loud cries and singular movements. At last curiosity was so much excited that he determined to see if he could ascertain the cause of the excitement among them. On examining the bushes he found a female thrush whose wing was caught in a limb in such a way that she could not escape. Near by was her nest, containing several half-grown birds. On retiring to a little distance, a company of thrushes appeared with worms and other insects in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother and then to her young, she in the meantime cheering them in their labor of love with a song of gratitude. After watching the interesting scene till his curiosity was gratified, the gentleman relieved the poor bird, when she flew to her nest with a grateful song to her deliverer, and her charitable neighbors dispersed to their abodes, singing as they went a song of praise.

SINGULAR DEATH BY DROWNING.—At Cape Elizabeth, Maine, a Miss Helen McFarland, residing in the family of Clement Jordan, went into the Spurmick river with three little girls to bathe. After playing in the water an hour and a half, she told her companions she would show them how she could swim on her back, and threw herself in that position, into the water, where it was not more than three feet deep, when she immediatly sank to the bottom. Her companions state that when she sank, the water rushed into her mouth with a gurgling noise, and the only motion she made was to clasp her hands together. The girls were very much frightened and hastened on shore for assistance. After some time the body of the young woman was found lying in the water where it was not over two and a half feet deep. The deceased has recently been at work in the Biddeford Factory. She has a mother residing either at Calais or St. Stephens.

THE FARMER AND THE ARTIST.—"Of what use is all your studying and your books?" said an honest farmer to an ingenious artist. "They don't make the corn grow, nor produce vegetables for market. My Sam does more good with his plow in one month than you can do with your books and papers in one year." "What plow does your son use?" said the artist quietly. "Why, he uses ——'s plow, to be sure. He can do nothing with any other. By using this plow, we save half the labor, and raise three times as much as we did with the old wooden concern." The artist turned over one of his sheets, and showed the farmer the drawing of his much-praised plow, saying with a smile, "I am the inventor of your favorite plow, and my name is ——." The astonished farmer shook the artist heartily by the hand, and invited him to call at the farmhouse, and make it his home as long as he liked.

GEN. ANTHONY WAYNE.—This noble Pennsylvanian of the Revolution, at the storming of Stony Point, was struck in the head by a musket ball, and fell to the ground, but rising to his knee, he cried, believing that he was mortally wounded, "Carry me forward and let me die in the fort!" He was borne within the fortification by his men; but he was destined to live and served his country many years longer. He held a command in the army until the close of the struggle, when the Legislature of Georgia presented him with a valuable farm, and he retired to private life. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States in 1787. In 1792 he was placed in command of the army with the Indians, and gained a brilliant victory at the battle of the Miamis, August 20, 1794. He died while engaged in active military duty at Paresque Isle, and was buried on the shores of Lake Erie.

LIMITED VIEWS OF SCULPTURE.—A Western man, rather a novice in European travel, once visited Powers' studio at Florence, and after gazing upon its array of busts and figures a while, inquired the price of a statue which caught his fancy; being told $3,000, he gave a long whistle, raised his eyebrows, buttoned up his pockets, and strided away, exclaiming "sculpture's riz!"

SINGULAR DEATH OF A FEMALE.—As Mr. J. C. Batchelder, of Waterbury, Vt, was visiting his sheep in a remote pasture, a little before sun-down on the 3d ult., he found a Miss Lydia Woodward, a maiden woman 77 years old, terribly bruised and but just alive. Her skull was broken, and also some of her ribs, and her breast was beaten in. Assistance was procured, and she was taken to her home, but died before morning, remaining unconscious to the end. She had been out picking strawberries, and had evidently been attacked and thus horribly beaten by a cosset ram which Mr. B. had bought but a short time before, and of whose vicious character he was ignorant. Blood was found on his head, and it subsequently appeared that he had attacked other persons crossing the pasture. It is needless to say he was immediately sent to the butcher.

THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.—The Victoria Bridge, now being constructed across the St. Lawrence River, just above Montreal, will, when finished, form one of the wonders of the age. It is to cross the river from Point St. Charles to the South Shore, the distance being a little less than two miles. It is to be on the tubular principle; there will be a track for railroad cars in the centre, and on the outside of the tube will be, on each side, a balcony with a foot-path for passengers. The bridge will rest on 24 piers and two abutments of limestone masonry, the centre span being 330 feet long, and 60 feet high from summer water-level, decending at either end at the rate of one in 130. It is to be built, in every respect, in the most substantial manner, and when finished, will cost $6,250,000.

MASSACHUSETTS *vs.* NORTH CAROLINA.—A writer, in comparing Massachusetts with North Carolina, shows that the productions of North Carolina were ten times as great as those of Massachusetts. The moral and physical condition of her people exhibits a most startling difference in favor of Southern institutions. The statistics of crime and pauperism exhibit the following result—the population being nearly equal: In Massachusetts, in 1850, there were 15,700 paupers; in North Carolina, 1,900. In Massachusetts, criminals convicted in 1850, 7,000; in North Carolina, 600. In prison, in Massachusetts, 1,000; in North Carolina, 44. In jails, in Massachusetts, 1,000; in North Carolina, 34. In penitentiaries, in Massachusetts, 431; in North Carolina, 14.—*Norfolk Argus.*

NEW MAGAZINE.—In relation to the new magazine to be published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., the Boston *Journal* remarks: "They propose to start, early the coming Fall, the *Northern Magazine*, monthly, at three dollars a year, to be altogether original, and to aim at the highest literary and political character. The best of our American writers have been secured for its pages, and an agent of the publishers is now in England to secure aid in that quarter. Such men as Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Huntington, Felton, and Agassiz, are to be its master-spirits. The advent of this important enterprize will be awaited with interest, and its progress watched with hopeful curiosity.

THE CAPITOL DOME.—The Washington *Union* says the entire height of the dome above the basement floor of the Capitol will be about three hundred feet. The bronze statue of the Genius of Liberty is one of Crawford's finest conceptions. The model is already executed, and is with the artist in Italy. A photograph of it is in the possession of Mr. T. U. Walter, the architect. The figure stands upright, is crowned with stars, holds a sheathed sword in her right hand, and a shield and a wreath in her left, and looks down from her high position with an expression of beauty and goodness.

FRIGHTENED OUT OF HIS SKIN.—A young man went out hunting for deer in the woods near Lanark, C. W., recently, and as an experiment, he clothed himself in a deer skin, and took a stand where those animals were known to pass quite often. While thus intent upon securing some game, another hunter came near making game of him: for happening to see what he supposed to be a fine deer through the thicket, the new-comer took deliberate aim at it and fired. Fortunately the ball missed the counterfeit deer, but it succeeded in "frightening him out of his skin."

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—In the village of Norfolk, St. Lawrence County, N. Y., July 9, 1857, six children stepped into a skiff for pleasure excursion on a mill-pond just above the dam. As they moved down the river, they were warned of their danger by persons standing on the shore. Soon, in consequence of one of the oars breaking, the boat became unmanageable, and in their fright five jumped out of the boat, and all went over the dam. Three were drowned.

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION BETWEEN CHILI AND EUROPE.—The press at Santiago discusses a project for forming a telegraphic line between the Pacific and Atlantic, from Valparaiso to some point on the river Platte, and from thence to Brazil, where it is to connect with a line projected from Lisbon to Rio Janeiro. It is said that European capitalists will construct the line if the government will guarantee them six per cent. on the cost.

A STORM IN FLORIDA.—A private letter from Belville, Fla., states that around there on the 4th ult., one of the severest hail storms ever remembered did ruinous damage in that vicinity. Hailstones, three to five inches in diameter, fell with fearful fury, entirely ruining some of the crops of corn and cotton. Fortunately for the country, it was one of those strange storms, confining its fury to a small extent of the land.

PEPPERMINT CULTURE.—In the towns of St. Joseph County, Michigan, in 1855, twenty-five thousand pounds of the oil were produced, which brought in the New York market $3 per pound. From eight to twelve pounds are produced from an acre of the plant. The first crop requires a good deal of care, but the next two years it yields without attention.

RUNNING EXTRAORDINARY.—George McGee, farm servant of Michael Biggar, Esq., of Trafalgar, on the 4th ult., undertook to carry 100 blocks of wood placed one yard apart, and put them in a half bushel at the end of the course, within one hour. He accomplished the feat in 51 minutes, having run in that time almost six miles.

Mr. Marcy commonly composed his important despatches not in his office, but in his library at home. When thus engaged, he would at once, after breakfast, begin his work, and write till nearly noon, when he would go to the Department, receive calls, and attend to the regular routine duties of his position. During the hours of composition, he was so completely engrossed with his subject that persons might enter and go out, or talk in the same room, without in the least obtaining his notice. He wore spectacles—usually sat in his dressing-gown, with an old red handkerchief on the table before him, and one could judge of the relative activity of his mind by the frequency of his application to the snuff-box. He wrote deliberately, with few erasures or changes, and his thoughts generally in the first draft assumed the form of expression in which he was willing to publish them. He almost always used a pencil, and left the second draft to be penned by a clerk. This, however, he rarely altered. His handwriting was legible and handsome, without being clerky; his library numbered perhaps five thousand volumes. He had but little taste for the fine arts; yet Palmer, the sculptor, William Page, the painter, and other American artists of note, owed the beginning of their success to his liberal encouragement.

There recently died in Snowshoe township, Centre County, Pa., a pioneer named Samuel Askey, aged 81 years. The Bellefonte (Pa.) *Democrat* says: "Mr. Askey was born in Path Valley, Franklin County, Pa. He was for some time in the service of his country under General Harrison; after his services were no longer required, he returned to the place of his nativity. He afterwards visited the wilds of the Snowshoe country with a view of seeking a new home. He settled about one mile from the little or Black Moshannon, and 17 miles from the Bald Eagle Valley, the then nearest settlement. He was one of the two first settlers that followed in the trail of the Indians, they having left but a short time previous, leaving their hunting grounds to be occupied by white men. The life of Mr. Askey as a pioneer and hunter, would compare with that of Daniel Boon or Colonel Crocket. Many of the most thrilling adventures with, and hair-breadth escapes from, the wild denizens of the forest, have been heard from the lips of the deceased by the writer. Much of his time was spent in hunting. He killed, during the time he lived in Snowshoe, 60 panthers, 98 wolves, about 500 deer, and a large number of bears, the precise number could not be obtained, but by a statement given by himself, he sold in one season 2,700 weight of bear's meat."

Party spirit even under Washington's Administration ran high, but harsh language was seldom applied to the President. Occasionally, however, disrespectful allusions were indulged in, as for instance in the debate of the opening of the second session on the address to the President, Mr. Giles, of Virginia—the same gentleman by whom Patrick Henry was called to account for styling him a "bobtail politician," said that "he had never harbored a suspicion of the good intentions of the President, nor did he deny his patriotism; but the wisdom and firmness of his Administration he had doubted. He thought him *a good meaning man but often misled.*"

The Drunkards, or "Tunkers," is the name of a religious sect in Pennsylvania, of over 100 years standing. They baptize by immersion, have different apartments for the sexes, live chiefly on roots and vegetables, except at their love-feasts, when they eat only mutton. It is said that no bed is allowed them but in case of sickness; for in their cells they have a bench to lie upon and a block of wood for their pillow. Their principal tenet is the mortification of the body, and they deny the eternity of future punishment.

A young Kentuckian, who had started from St. Louis for New York, not long since, was robbed at Buffalo of all his money and his baggage check: he started then to walk the balance of his journey, but his shoes gave out, and he took his chance to work his way on a freight train of the Erie Road. Here his hat blew off and was lost, and at Hornsville his coat was stolen. When last seen he was tending hitherward, on foot, nearly naked, but very determined.

A young man recently went to Cleveland with a young damsel, and put up at the best hotel. When dinner hour arrived he boldly walked into a sumptuous repast, leaving the young lady alone in the parlor. After partaking of a meal that astonished his stomach, he returned to his companion—who was rather astonished at this proceeding—and smacking his lips, remarked: "That dinner was darned good, why didn't you buy some?"

A wheelbarrow race, wager $9, came off at Dedham, Mass., a day or two since. The winner was William Colburn.

Gen Cass, who is strict in his personal habits, will not dine out, if he can help it. He goes to bed at ten o'clock, P.M. When in Paris, at balls in his own house he would quietly slip off to bed at the above hour, leaving his wife and three daughters to entertain the company. This regime accounts in part at least for his uncommon vigor at the age of 75 years.

A lady in Carlisle, Ind., left her infant, about a month old, in its cradle, while she went out in the field where her husband was at work. When she returned, what was her horror to find that her child had been stolen and a negro baby left in its place. No clue whatever can be found to the kidnapper.

David Forney, of Franklin, Pa., abused his wife so that her father took her home. In revenge for this, Forney set fire to the old gentleman's house, and $70,000 worth of property was consumed. Forney was arrested in Cincinnati, where he was passing under an assumed name.

A gold and copper mine has been discovered on Hennipin Island, at St. Anthony Falls. A Minnesota paper says no steps have been taken to ascertain the extent of these precious deposits, but we understand the proprietors have been offered $10,000 for the ore that may be taken from the canal channel.

A clergyman who lives a few miles from Nora, in Illinois, had some slight dispute with his wife, and proceeded to beat her with a stick from a locust tree so severely that her back was covered with blood and bruises. Having used up one stick on her, he was getting another, when some of the neighbors interfered.

A young lady of Rochester received the Gold Medal, at the late commencement of the Albany Female Seminary, "for the best poem written for the prize." It turns out that her poem was stolen, word for word, from the Juvenile Scrap Book for 1849. Smart girl that—she'll steal hearts in process of time.

Eggs, it is said, can be better preserved in corn meal than in any other preparation yet known. Lay them with the small end down, and if undisturbed, they will be as good at the end of a year as when packed. Another very good method is to grease them well. In this way they may be kept throughout the winter.

On the Fourth, two men, while sailing, in company with their wives and a little girl, on Whitmore Lake, Michigan, got into an altercation, clinched, and in the struggle upset the boat, and fought in the water until both sank. The women and little girl were saved by clinging to the boat until rescued.

Two sons of John Sundy, aged 17 and 18, undertook to murder h'm, after decoying him into the woods, near Brant, C. W. He had married a second wife, and they desired to be rid of both so as to possess themselves of the paltry sum of three hundred dollars.

The Poughkeepsie *Press* states that as a horse was passing through one of the streets of that city on the 4th, a fire-cracker exploded at his side, when the animal gave one spring and instantly dropped dead—undoubtedly scared to death.

A great storm passed lately over Central Vermont through the towns of Roxbury, Northfield, and Williamstown, and other towns in Washington County. Hail stones fell three inches in diameter, completely covering the ground, cutting down grain and vegetables, and breaking glass.

An eagle was caught in Lower Heidelberg township, Berks County, on the 5th July, which measured, with outstretched wings, six feet. The Reading *Gazette* wonders whether it was the "American Eagle," gone astray after celebrating the Fourth?

The present limits of the city of St. Louis, recently extended, contain 9,850 acres, or an area of fifteen and a half square miles. The length of the city is six and one-fourth miles, width two and a half miles.

Dr. Caldwell, an old and esteemed citizen of Greensboro', and a son of the Rev. Dr. Caldwell so well known in the revolutionary history of North Carolina, died at Greesboro', on the 3d July, aged eighty years.

A young woman who was brought before the Boston police, alleged in defence of her respectability that she was acquainted with all the lawyers in New York. She was committed for six months.

There is to be a national emancipation convention at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 25th, 26th and 27th of August, called by Elihu Burritt, to discuss his scheme for the peaceful removal of slavery.

The proprietors of Blythe Island, Georgia, have accepted the government offer of $130,000 for the whole Island. A navy yard is to be established there.

The total value of the annual produce of the cotton-mills in Providence is set down at nearly a million of dollars, and that of the print-works as little less than three millions.

Out of fifty of the largest manufacturing establishments in New England, the stock of only six companies will at the present time sell above par.

Joseph Coit, one of the pioneers of the West, and who served under General Harrison in the last war with England, died in Mahoning County, Ohio, recently, aged 84 years.

The book that Gov. Marcy was reading when he died was Bacon's Essay, it lay on his breast open at the passage where the great philosopher discourses of Death.

The First House of Representatives consisted of sixty-five members.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor requests the indulgence of private and other correspondents for a few days. He is at present confined to his room, and not allowed by his physician to attend to literary labors.

Our Houston, Texas, Correspondence will appear next week.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUG. 1, '57.

SATAN REBUKING SIN.

THE incitor of "Bloody Monday" in Louisville avails himself of certain statistics given by a New York paper to arrive at a sweeping conclusion with regard to the relative morality of foreigners and natives, Catholics and Protestants. That Irish Catholics should be particularly hardly dealt with is not astonishing considering the respect the party, of which Mr. Prentice is the mouthpiece, has evinced on certain occasions for the inviolability of the ballot-box.

The chivalrous editor of the Plug-Ugly sheet, a gentleman whose tender conscience contemns duelling, but allows him the safer amusement of a one-handed shooting match, states, that there is ten times more crime among Catholics in this country than among Protestants, and bases his statement on the returns of the New York Penitentiary Hospital at Blackwell's Island for the past year, as given by the New York journal before alluded to. Of the number of individuals treated for criminal disease in that institution, it is stated that by far the larger portion is composed of Irish Catholics, and thence the Louisville paper concludes that Native morals are at a very high standard when compared with those of the foreign population. It cites the *Boston Bee* as an authority, that the same state of things exists in the Modern Athens—it had been better named the Modern Gomorrha—and that in the pure and undefiled city between two-thirds and three-fourths of the courtezans are Catholics, *as shown by the records of the courts and station-houses.*

Our faith in these statistics is not very robust, but if for the sake of argument we admit them to be correct, they by no means warrant the conclusion at which the Louisville paper has arrived. It is true, unhappily, that many—too many—of our simple Irish emigrant girls fall victims to the villany of monsters in the shape of men, fit agents of the Evil One, who beset their path from the moment they set foot on this—to them—unhappy soil. When seductive arts have failed to effect their ruin, force is employed, and what can the poor ignorant emigrant do against the rich Sea-Captain, or the lecherous loafer whose political influence is sought for by every functionary from those who wear the policeman's badge to the judge upon the bench? Many, alas! after unheard-of struggles with misery, and goaded by hunger, in a moment of desperation, are driven to sell their virtue for a crust of bread. Once fallen, the Irish girl is generally irretrievably lost; self-loathing gnaws her heart, the remembrance of those she has left, and of the home of her innocence, drives her mad, and she has recourse to intoxicating drinks to procure momentary oblivion of her woes. These are the categories which compose the Irish and Catholic element in the ranks of the unfortunate hand-maidens of vice, and these are represented in the Penitentiaries and *in the records of the courts and station-houses.*

But the *Louisville Journal* forgets that as there are more and greater thieves out of prison than in, so by far the larger portion of the vicious are unregistered *in the records of the courts and station houses.* The Editor of the Plug-Ugly journal must be in a high state of provincial simplicity, if he does not know that the miserable creatures who are thrown into penitentiaries, and who roam through the streets at night, form but an insignificant portion of the metropolitan courtezans. In the broad daylight, on the fashionable side of Broadway, sweeping the sidewalk with costly silks and satins, the price of their corruption, elbowing virtuous mothers and daughters, strut hundreds of the Upper Ten of Prostitution—all native and to the manor born. At the afternoon performances of a MORAL Theatre, devoted to Temperance and patronized by our provincial and Puritan brethren, they make hardened men blush by their obscene effrontery. Driving in carriages through our most crowded thoroughfares, are also to be seen native-born high-priestesses of crime. Those abandoned creatures, according to statements repeatedly published, come for the most part, from Connecticut and Massachusetts. They live in splendid mansions, and their nocturnal revels are respected by the officers of the law. The inmates of those rich dwellings of sin are never registered on the records of the Penitentiary, the Courts, or the Station Houses. Ah, no!—except in murder cases!

We have spoken of the snares by which Irish girls are surrounded. None of these exists for the females of native birth; nor have they any need of them. The warm-hearted and confiding nature of the Irish girl might be alleged to palliate her fall, but the cold, calculating Yankee female cannot plead such attenuating circumstances. Impatience of parental restraint, immoderate desire for finery, and oftenest, a thirst of gain, induce them to leave their modest but comfortable homes in New England and prostitute themselves in cold blood as a good speculation. How many cases have there been of young girls of highly respectable families leaving the paternal roof for a month to spend that time in a strange city in an abode of vice?

Again, even the patent vice of the Metropolis is insignificant compared to the hidden crimes perpetrated among what are called the respectable (*i.e.* native) classes of our population. Is the editor of the Louisville paper aware of the amount of boarding houses, kept by California and other widows, shabby-genteel females too proud to work, of the assignation houses for the accommodation of the better classes in the Empire city? Has he read the reports of recent trials in which natives alone figured? Does he know who are the abortionists and their best customers? If not, let him come to New York and rub off his verdancy by seeing things as they really are.

The editor of the *Boston Bee* must have at least the ordinary assurance of Plug-Ugly editors to raise his voice after the recent developments regarding Puritanical morality in the Modern Gomorrah. He should have at least waited until the remembrance of the part played by distinguished representatives of Methodism and Temperance was obliterated from the public mind. Does he forget that of the three thousand ministers who protested against the Missouri Compromise sixty have been convicted of breaking the sixth Commandment?

Whatever may be the faults of the Irish they have never yet been accused of hypocrisy. They cannot, like some of their native fellow-citizens, hide a bad heart under a devout exterior. The full extent of their vice is seen. They cannot rant about the respect due to the Sabbath day, and on returning from church lock themselves up in their bed-chambers with a bible and a brandy bottle and indulge in the delights of solitary intoxication. They cannot with a Chadband twang advocate morality in the pulpit and descending from it break the sixth commandment. They cannot preach the blessings of Temperance and drink "whisky punches" at five dollars a glass. In these respects they must yield the palm to the virtuous natives of New England—and we doubt not likewise to the law-abiding Plug-Uglies of Louisville.

In conclusion we would say to the Editor of the *Louisville Journal* that even admitting his statistics to be true, they prove his deduction just as well as the fact that, a large proportion of the petty thefts are committed by foreigners, would prove that they were more dishonest than natives, and that the railroad embezzlers, fancy stock brokers, political speculators, fraudulent bankrupts, dishonest clerks, unfaithful agents, mock-auctioneers, and swindling merchants have come from the other side of the Atlantic. Let him not forget that while the poor foreigner whom hunger has driven to steal a loaf of bread is registered on the prison-books, Schuyler indulges in the *dolce far niente* of a continental retreat, and while the unfortunate Irish girl, whose only crime was her own degradation, is confined in the cell of a prison, the murderer, or murderers, of Doctor Burdell are yet at large.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE "N. Y. TIMES."

WE have often heard it said that the New York *Daily Times* was "neither fish nor flesh," and we believe it. That organ may certainly pretend to a position among the viper brood. It indulged the other day in one of its periodical and venomous attacks on the venerable prelate who occupies with so much dignity the archiepiscopal chair of the diocese of New York, and whose genius, fostering care, and unceasing vigilance, have achieved so many triumphs for the Catholic Church in this country, and so often hurled back into the obscurity from which they had crawled forth, the enemies of our religion.

It is not our intention to undertake the defence of the Archbishop. His Grace needs no defender. The letter which we publish on another page sufficiently confounds the writer in the *Daily Times*, and were we capable of adding a word to the facts and arguments set forth in that overwhelming document we would scorn to trample even upon a dead reptile.

No Catholic need be told of the progress of the Church, of the numerous sacred edifices which have been erected since the Archbishop first received the mitre and the Crozier. These structures may be humble, but they are many, and can we believe that the lowliest building bearing that sacred sign of which it is said: *In hoc signo vinces* is not as pleasing in the eye of God as the loftiest and proudest basilick which architectural skill could erect, and artistic genius beautify? Our religion is emphatically the religion of the poor, who are of the kingdom of God, and it is only when churches sufficient to receive every Catholic in New York, the lowest as well as the highest, shall have been built—and thank God who has blessed the efforts of our revered Archbishop, the time is not far distant—it is only then that a Cathedral which will vie with any religious building in the land will be completed.

After having perused His Grace's letter no right-minded man can help feeling any other sentiment than that of contempt for the prevarication and cowardice which have characterized the conduct of persons connected with the *Times* in their relations with Archbishop Hughes.

But whatever may be our feelings towards the visible editors of the *Times*, the mysterious writer of the attack on the Archbishop—the poor salaried scribe whose daily gain is proportioned to the amount of malignity he can manufacture—only inspires us with sentiments of unfeigned pity. His own conscience must be his most dread tormentor, and his remembrance of the days of his youth, of what he was, and what he might have been, must heap new tortures on him. We think we see him trying to obtain forgetfulness of the Past, and to make his conscience drunk by lashing himself into impotent fury, and making ineffectual efforts to sting a high dignitary of a body to be an humble member of which was once his highest ambition. He has not even the wicked consolation of harming the Prelate he attacks, for he must be conscious that like his prototype in the fable he is gnawing at a file.

ST. PETER'S SCHOOL, BARCLAY STREET.

THE Male Department of Saint Peter's School, Barclay street, was closed on Wednesday evening, 22d July, by an examination and distribution of premiums. The examination, to use the words of the Pastor, Rev. Wm. Quinn, was a complete success, creditable alike to teachers and children, and most gratifying to himself, and the other clergymen present, the Society of St. Vincent De Paul, and a large number of the parents and friends of the children, who were delighted auditors and spectators of the exercises.

We cannot conclude this brief notice without a special allusion to the classes in the Primary (Mr. E. Mulvany's) Department, the boys composing which, for fluency in Reading—correctness in Orthography—minuteness of detail in Geography—but, above all, for the facility and rapidity of their calculations on the Black Board, deserve distinct and emphatic praise.

This school, the object of the worthy Pastor's unwearying solicitude, has, from its commencement, proved eminently successful; but, more especially, has this been the case during the year just ended. As a moral breakwater, bearing back the flood of Godless Education that threatens to engulf our rising Catholic generation,—may we not wish the Schools of "Old St. Peter's" a hearty "God speed?"

THE NINTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SCHOOLS OF THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

WE attended the Exhibition and Distribution of Premiums to the Pupils of the various Schools under the direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening, July 23d. The Schools represented were—The Pupils of the Academy, St. Patrick's, St. Mary's, St. Francis', St. Joseph's, and St. James's. Some of the boys acquired quite a number of premiums, and it gave us much satisfaction to see the smile of joy on their youthful countenances when called forward to receive the reward of good conduct.

After the Distribution the Pupils performed a Sacred Drama, entitled "Baltassar's Feast," in four acts. It was very well done, considering the youthful actors, and the immense audience they had to appear before. T. E. Carey performed the character of Baltassar admirably well. Those who personated the Queen Mother, and Ladies, were arrayed in the latest Broadway fashion, not even excepting that much used and more abused part of ladies adornment, "Hoops."

After the Drama, Premiums were distributed to the principal Orators of the evening. We were favored with Orations by Masters P. J. Dunne, J. Bracken, and D. J. Shehan, prefaced by a few remarks to the audience; after which Master S. gave "The Vow of Tipperary." Master Shehan is a good speaker; his voice and gestures are excellent.

What pleased us most was the perfect order and discipline pervading all the classes. At a signal from the Brothers each class marched forth like a well drilled company of soldiers, each one in his place, and without disorder or confusion. Owing to the press of matter in our columns this week, we are obliged to omit the list of those receiving premiums—it will appear in our next.

We have received the Annual Circular of St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Del. We understand this noble institution is in a flourishing condition. The scholastic year begins on Monday, August 17, 1857. Parents and guardians are requested to be punctual in sending their children on the appointed day.

MORALITY OF BALLS AND DANCES.

Dances have been termed, by more than one of the Fathers of the Church,—*the Ark of the devil, and the Theatre of hell.*

Why, then, are the these assemblies frequented? It is for amusement persons go to them; it is to share a common pleasure and to contribute to it, and very piquantly, through temptation, to expose themselves to the dangers they present, and to give free scope to passions, which, even in solitude, they find it difficult to control. Who are the patrons and actors in these too popular recreations? Women, who, in addition to elegant dress and personal charms, join every effort in their power to make themselves agreeable and pleasing to men; and men, who endeavor, artfully, to show these women that they are pleased with them, and love them; —young women whose whole attention is devoted to the adorning of themselves with all that is most dangerous and seductive in nature and in art, and who employ every possible means, in order to be very attractive at their diversions, exciting, thereby, in the hearts of others the fire of criminal passions;—young men, generally, who go there for pleasure, and often only to lay snares for the chastity of young females, and who, the more easily to succeed in their wicked designs, whisper a thousand absurd and extravagant things together with obscenities, exaggerating their beauty and wit, flattering their self-love, by attributing to them qualities which they do not possess, disguising their defects, or trying to make them believe that they are models of perfection,—perhaps embracing and caressing them, in order to excite the passion of impure love. Such, commonly, are the young persons who frequent balls and dances. What then are these gestures of the lewd modern dances, the impassioned embraces, lascivious looks, and immodest words, too frequently accompanying them, but a reciprocal commerce in impurity?

The ball-room, generally, is a rallying point of all that is most vicious, immodest, and libertine, in every class of society: the dance is the ordinary rendezvous of the slaves of vile and shameful passions, who communicate to each other the fatal poison with which their infected hearts overflow, it is a fiery furnace where every thing burns with impure flames, it is the seat of pestilence at which Chastity, the fairest and most precious gem of all the virtues, loses its brilliancy or is destroyed. Of all the desires that agitate the hearts of women that of pleasing is admitted to be the strongest; it is to this desire may be traced the love of dress and other passions, as jealousy, vanity, envy, &c. At balls, however, it is that this desire is augmented and receives new force. It impels them to envy the lot of persons of their own sex whom they see more elegantly dressed, or better dancers than themselves, it causes them to hate those whose society is more courted, and it leads them to sow discord among men, who, in order to gratify the vanity of a contemptible woman, often quarrel and fight amongst themselves, and it frequently happens on the same account, parties rush into duels and murder.

If women would be candid and sincere, they would admit that it was the love of pleasure, and a desire to be admired and preferred to others which chiefly influenced them to go to balls. Amongst those, too, whom they endeavor to attract, there are those who, in their turn, attract them rather too much, and then, whilst they are unable to conceal the impressions made upon their minds and affections by young men, the latter avail of this weakness, to hold dalliancies and maintain soft and impassioned conferences with them, temptations which, instead of repulsing, they entertain very often, with a relish very ill-disguised. If the pernicious effects of the poison, on these occasions, instilled into their hearts do not always, immediately betray them, they are not, therefore, the less real or the less dreadful.

If young persons of different sexes are, nearly, at all times and places, an occasion of sin to each other, it is at the dance, especially, that the occasion becomes more evidently dangerous and most difficult to be shunned. In the dangerous occasions of sin with which this world is filled persons are not always led into transgression of the divine law, by all their senses at once. If their minds are tormented by thoughts contrary to chastity, the heart does not, at the same moment, feel the fatal impression. If their ears are assailed and flattered, at times, by unchaste words or immodest songs, their eyes are not always struck, at the same time, by seductive objects, hence then if urged on to sin by one sense, the others can, at least, hinder persons from falling in temptation, or help them to avoid its stroke.

Thus, then, as the senses are so many channels through which the devil, incessantly, labors to infuse into our souls the poison of sin, which lust engenders, the dance becomes for him a powerful engine of evil, since, in it, weak creatures are impelled to sin by all their senses at one and the same moment.

What a zealous and learned bishop writes regarding balls so well applies to Excursions, and the objects for which they are got up, that I shall treat the reader to a quotation here from his Pastoral letter to the clergy and laity of Detroit:

"To our age is reserved the honor of adding to the dictionary of our language the word, 'charity-ball,' and of teaching that what dishonors God, blasphemes our religion, and places a stumbling block to a multitude of souls, who find in it both spiritual and temporal ruin, can be right and even praiseworthy on account of that relief which it may afford to the poor, &c. In other words, that the end justifies the means, however criminal they may be in themselves, or in the circumstances attending them. You are well persuaded, and we loudly proclaim it, that you must give alms according to the precepts of our Lord; but remember well, that this God infinitely wise cannot be indifferent to the manner in which you acquit yourself of this work of charity, in order that it may answer to His design and be meritorious to you.

"For in order that any work whatever may be truly good, it does not suffice that it should be good under a certain relation, or in some of the circumstances attending it, but it must be good in every relation; in its object, which should be proportioned to the act; in its end and in its circumstances, which should all be in harmony with the act itself: in fine, in its intention, which should be nothing else than the goodness of the act. If one of these conditions be wanting, it not only ceases to be good, but it becomes vicious and detestable in the eyes of God; becomes a sin.

"After this can we imagine that God will receive, as righteous and meritorious, an act of so-called charity, through this instrumentality of balls and dances, with all the dangerous and criminal circumstances that, especially in our days, acccompany them? Is not this to overturn all the rules of Christian morality, and to insult God by pretending to perform an action agreeable to Him, while we make use of the means which He has Himself forbidden; which the Church, ever guided by the Holy Spirit, condemns; and of which, even men of the world avow the fatal consequences from their own experience; and which Pagans, despite the laxity of their morals, have marked with infamy?"

Further quotations and proofs are reserved for our last paper on this subject.

SACERDOS.

DEDICATION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ELMIRA, N. Y.

ELMIRA, N. Y., July 24th, 1857.

The Dedication of this splendid structure took place on the 19th inst., and attracted an immense concourse of people, notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the weather. Right Rev. Bishop Timon was the officiating Prelate, and delivered the dedicatory sermon to a large audience. It was listened to with that marked attention which its distinguished source deserved, and was a learned and earnest effort amply sustaining the reputation of the distinguished speaker.

Rev. Joseph McKenny celebrated High Mass, assisted by Very Rev. Pamfilo de Magliano, O. S. T., as Deacon, and Rev. J. McManus, of Owego, as Sub-Deacon. Rev. T. Keenan, of Hornellsville, was First Master of Ceremonies, and Mr. James Rogers, Second Master of Ceremonies.

Rev. Thomas Cunningham, of Corning, and Rev. Thomas O'Flaherty, the Pastor, assisted at the Pontifical Throne. Everything was conducted in the most beautiful and orderly manner.

It was a day of great joy and thanksgiving to the Catholics of Elmira. Having made many sacrifices to construct this noble temple, God has repaid them bountifully even in the joy and solace they experienced on the occasion. Many said, that everything in the church, the splendor of the altar, the beautiful ceremonies, and the interior magnificence, caused it to appear to them like heaven.

The church is, as you are perhaps aware, of Gothic style of architecture with naive, aisles, transepts, chancel, &c. All the windows are of stained glass. The chancel window is an exquisite work of art, having as a centre-piece the Blessed Virgin, represented as large as life, and supported on the right by St. Peter, and on the left by St. Paul, and having interspersed all around rich designs, and emblems taken from holy scriptures and ecclesiastical history.

The whole interior is blocked in imitation of Portland stone, the capitals of the columns, the basses and corbals are beautifully enfoliated and gilded. The fresco paintings in the sanctuary, and in various parts of the naive, isles and transepts, taken from appropriate designs, are masterpieces of art. The balustrade around the sanctuary is of black walnut, massive and of costly construction. The pews, doors, and in fact most of the wood work is of the same material.

Taking it all in all, it is pronounced by the best judges to be one of the best, if not the best, finished churches in the United States.

The whole interior was designed and executed under the personal superintendence of the Pastor, Rev. Thomas O'Flaherty, in whose praise the whole people here, Protestants and Catholics, are loud for his energy, architectural taste and indomitable zeal.

Long may Pastor and people live to enjoy the fruits of their zeal, piety and sacrifices.

On Monday the Forty Hours' Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament commenced, which has brought down many blessings on God's people here. We had during this holy devotion an addition to the number of the clergy and were blessed with the spiritual services of the Very Rev. Father Lynch, C.M., Rev. John Ryan of Portage, and Messrs. Cody and Madigan of Pennsylvania. The clergy were engaged in the Confessionals till Thursday, and so visible and abundant were the graces and blessings from Heaven, that on Thursday evening the clergy unanimously concluded to give a Retreat or Mission for ten days, and requested Very Rev. Father Lynch to conduct it, which in his charity and goodness he consented to do, although only passing here, and just after concluding a Retreat for the Sisters of Charity at St. Joseph's, Emmitsburgh. It is now progressing and God's hand is visible.

PEREGRINUS.

EXHIBITION OF ST. PETER'S AND ST. MARY'S MALE SCHOOLS, JERSEY CITY.

The Annual Exhibition of our Catholic male schools took place on the evening of the 21st ult. The pupils, as usual, acquitted themselves in a masterly manner. Their speeches, dialogues and songs, most of all which were composed for the occasion, were well composed and occasioned the greatest mirth and applause among the audience.

The names of the boys who took the principal share in the exercises are: John Gorman, Daniel McEgan, John Maxwell, Andrew Gibney, James Hagerty, James O'Brien, James McEvoy, Thomas Mullaly, John de Barry, James Kelly, John Beirne, and John McTavy.

If it were not that I refrain from trespassing too far on your valuable space, I would try to procure some of the excellent and witty original speeches and dialogues for publication in the TABLET.

SPECTATOR.

We have received a copy of an address "To the Gentlemen of the United States," from that indefatigable "Leader of Fashions," George P. Fox, informing us that he has removed to his own "House, Store, and Lot," 47 Amity street, near Broadway, where he can be seen at all times. To those who want to be in the fashion—we say, give him a call.

Will Mr. James Mitchell be good enough to let us know where a letter may reach him?

DIED.

DONNELLY.—On the 20th ult., in the sixth year of his age, NICHOLAS S. J. DONNELLY, only son of Terence Donnelly, Esq., of Grovemount, Manhattenville. The service for the burial of infants was performed at the Cathedral, the Most Rev. Archbishop Hughes officiating in person, assisted by the Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, V.G., Rev. Dr. Managhan, Rev. Father Hecker, C.S.S.R., Rev. Mr. Farrelly, and Rev. Mr. McEvoy. Many others of the clergy, besides a large number of the faithful, were in attendance. Preceding the ritual services the Archbishop made an address, and at their close the remains of the deceased were consigned to the family vault beneath the Cathedral.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS. — Subscribers who may receive bills will please attend to them immediately, as our terms are payment in advance.

We intend making the TABLET a first-class paper, and we cannot do it without adopting, as far as practicable, the cash principle.

We desire to warn persons wishing to subscribe to the TABLET against a class of Agents who take upon themselves the questionable power of signing the names of its Publishers to receipts, and escape the crime of forgery, by adding their own initials.

The Publishers of the TABLET have not authorized any one to receive money for them unless those who can show a paper confirming that authority, or whose names appear among the list of Agents.

BUSINESS NOTICE.—Wanted—A number of men, in the different States of the Union, to act as Agents for the TABLET, and for the sale of books. None but persons who can be well recommended need apply.

D. & J. SADLIER & Co.

NEW YORK CITY.—The TABLET can be had at Michael O'Donnell's Bookstore, No. 500 Tenth avenue, between 41st and 42d streets. He has a good assortment of books for sale.

CARRIER WANTED—To Canvass for and Serve the TABLET in the 7th, 10th, 13th and 17th Wards. Apply at the office, 164 William st., (up stairs.)

Mr. James McAlevy is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City, and in all the neighboring towns he may visit.

Mr. John Dillon Smith is not, and never has been, authorized to act as Agent, or to collect for this Journal.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Wholesale Agency in Boston.

The TABLET can be had at the Bookstore of Mr. Wm. Hickey, 128 Federal street, at New York prices. Canvassers and News Agents supplied.

The Tablet in Brooklyn.

The TABLET can be had of John Dooner, 402 Hudson Avenue. He has also the Works of Gerald Griffin for sale.

Travelling Agents.

Mr. John Mangin will visit Plattsburg Keeseville, and adjacent towns on Lake Champlain, this and following weeks. He has a good assortment of Catholic Books for sale, and is authorized to collect all debts due the *Celt*, and to receive subscriptions for the NEW YORK TABLET.

John J. Holland is authorized to canvass for new subscribers and collect all debts due the TABLET in all the towns throughout the Eastern States. He keeps on hand a good stock of Catholic publications.

T. F. Lee is authorized to collect subscriptions for the NEW YORK TABLET in the Abingtons, Bridgewaters, Randolph, Stoughton, or in any towns through which he may travel.

TROY, N. Y.—Mr. Francis Roarke, 131 Fifth street, is our Agent for Troy.

Mr. Roarke is an active and enterprizing young man, and we trust the Catholics of Troy will encourage him. He has an excellent stock of Catholic Books on hand, and he can supply any work published in the United States to order. Any work advertised in our columns may be had of him, at the price marked.

Mr. Francis Connolly is authorized to collect and receive subscriptions for the TABLET in all the towns he may visit. He will be in Oswego, N. Y., this week. Any of our friends in need of good Catholic Books had better avail themselves of this opportunity, as Mr. C. has a fine assortment on hand. He has bills for those indebted to us in Oswego and vicinity.

William J. Rohan, 25 Pearl street, Fall River, Mass., is our Agent there.

CONVERSIONS.—Doctor John J. Cushing and lady of Kentucky were received into the Catholic Church by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, in the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent, Brown Co., Ohio, on the Feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel.

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

CORMAC MAC CUILLENAN, KING AND BISHOP OF CASHEL.

It was during a lull in the storm of Danish persecution, when their power had been shattered by the energy and perseverance of the monarch Flan, son of Malachy, that the illustrious Cormac Mac Cuillenan, Bishop of Cashel, was called to ascend the throne of Munster, as the eldest branch of the Eugenian line. It was not from choice that the holy bishop obeyed the call of his subjects, but in order to save bloodshed, which would certainly have followed had he refused the crown. So many pretenders would then have come forward from amongst the Eugenian princes that the whole province would have been convulsed and torn with civil war. The Dalcassians, or princes of Thomond, too, who ought to have succeeded alternately to the throne of Munster, but who had of late years been frequently deprived by the Eugenians of their rightful privilege, would then undoubtedly have put in their claim, enforced by that military prowess for which they were famous. For these reasons it was that Cormac decided on accepting the crown, which he did about the first year of the tenth century.

It was a hard necessity which induced the refined and elegant scholar, the accomplished compiler of the Psalter of Cashel—(one of the most valuable and authentic of our early annals)—the calm and gentle-minded prelate to abandon his peaceful retirement for the stormy sphere of public life, where, at that day, he was almost certain of having to wage war against some more ambitious and less conscientious neighbor. He did not, however, change his place of residence, for we find him after his accession still inhabiting his own episcopal palace in the vicinity of the Rock of Cashel. The place was endeared to him by the tenderest and most sacred associations. He had himself contributed much towards the re-construction and improvement of the ecclesiastical group of buildings which, in his time, stood in renovated splendor on the summit of the Rock, where their ruins are still visible, lending a melancholy grace and a solemn grandeur to the surrounding plain. Here Cormac's days had hitherto passed in calm and dignified seclusion, his life varied only by the elegant and ennobling pursuits of literature and the exercises of that munificent charity which has, more than all, endeared his name to every succeeding generation of "the men of Tipperary."

Those were indeed "troublous times" when Cormac Mac Cuillenan wielded the sceptre of Munster, times when even ecclesiastics were forced into the arena of war to do battle in defence of some right or in assertion of some principle. Cormac was not long seated on the throne of his ancestors when the Lagenians refusing to pay a certain tribute which they had for a considerable time paid to the kings of Munster, the nobles and chiefs of the latter province called on their king to lead them against the obstinate men of Leinster. Cormac was very unwilling to wage war for the collection of a tribute, but all his counsellors were in favor of it, and none more so than Flaherty, Abbot of Inniscathy, a man who exercised a powerful influence over the ductile mind of the prince-bishop. So Cormac had no alternative. His was not that lofty, self-relying energy of puppose which would have enabled him to frown down all opposition. Single-handed he could not stand, so he was fain to go with the stream, and finally lent the whole weight of his authority to a movement which really had its origin in the overweening pride of some of his counsellors who could not brook the thought of giving the Lagenians such a triumph.

The Leinster men carried their complaint to the foot of the imperial throne, and Flan, anxious to curtail, if possible, the fast increasing power of the Munster kings, willingly engaged to assist them. For this purpose he levied a powerful army, and marched with the Leinster men to meet the Mamonian troops, headed by Cormac himself. With Cormac was Lorcan, prince of Thomond, head of the illustrious sept of the Dalcassians, and his warriors did good service that day when the two armies met on the plain of Moylena.*

* Moylena is a plain in the King's County already memorable in Irish History as the field of one of Con's *hundred* battles.

The battle was long and bloody, but at length the Munster men prevailed. The fierce valor of the Dalcassian warriors and the cool, stern courage of the Eugenians fighting under the eyes of their own venerated prince, bore down all opposition, and the confederate army sustained a signal defeat. When Cormac Mac Cuillenan stood at the high altar in his cathedral church of Cashel and offered up the holy Sacrifice in thanksgiving for his victory, the hearts of his people were filled with joyous enthusiasm and they felt as though the king-bishop was in himself a palladium for the defence of the province.

But the Leinster men were not so easily put down as their adversaries seemed to suppose. Strong in their own might and in the active assistance of the warlike Flan, they quickly recovered from the effects of their recent defeat, and collected all their forces for a decisive blow, resolved, if possible, to throw off at once and for ever the hateful yoke of the kings of Cashel. Flan himself was now fully determined to subdue the Mamonians at any cost, as the increasing power of their kings had been for several reigns an object of jealousy and distrust to his predecessors in the supreme monarchy.

In order to ensure an overwhelming victory, Flan engaged the princes of the northern Hy-Nialls to assist him, and being joined by their best troops, marched into Leinster where the Lagenian army awaited his coming.

Meanwhile Cormac, in the seclusion of his own home, had communed with his God in prayer, and besought him to enlighten his mind on the issue of the approaching contest. Grave and sad came forth the prince-bishop from his spiritual retreat. It was the eve of the day appointed for the battle, and all around him was bustle and fierce excitement. Even the clerical members of his council did not escape the contagion, and the reverend Abbot of Inniscathy moved to and fro, encouraging the timid, animating the cold, and infusing into every heart a portion of the warlike spirit which filled his own. Amid all this bustle, Cormac was calm, and would fain, even then, have persuaded his chiefs and nobles to concede the claims of Leinster. But vain were all his efforts to infuse his own peaceful spirit into minds already inflamed by the burning eloquence of Flaherty.

"Be a man, Cormac," said he, "and bear in mind that you are bound to defend the rights of your province. You are the king of Leath-Mogha, and Leinster is, therefore, within your sovereignty. It is but just that you should have your tribute, and you will have to answer it to your people if you do not take it by force of arms when the haughty Lagenians refuse to pay it."

"But, reverend father, I much fear that God is not with us in this matter——"

"For shame, Cormac Mac Cuillenan," broke in the fiery Abbot, "bring not disgrace on your royal ancestors by such cowardly caution at such a time—I tell you, God *is* with us, for we have right on our side."

"Be it as you say, then," replied the king meekly, "but for fear of the worst, I will make my will. My heart is heavy, reverend father, and it may lighten it to settle my earthly affairs."

"That is but fair and just," said the Abbot, "it is always well to have a man's house in order."

The will was made accordingly,* and then Cormac, sending for his confessors, approached the tribunal of penance, and with extraordinary fervor prepared for the reception of the Blessed Sacrament at the Mass which he was to say on the following morning. His next step was to send for Lorcan, his trusty ally, the acknowledged head of the Dalcassian line, whom he presented to his council, assembled for the purpose, as his lawful successor on the throne of Munster. It was a solemn and a touching sight, and when the brave Dalcassian bent his stately head to kiss the hand of the just and generous monarch every heart was softened, and many a rough cheek was wet with tears.

"God bless you, Lorcan, my brother!" spoke the king in his calm deep voice, "God bless you, and grant you peace to rule my people with a fatherly hand. I would have done it, had the good God seen fit to lengthen my days, but if He calls me hence, may He accept the sacrifice of my life on behalf of the flock whom He gave me in a twofold charge."

"He will spare you, Cormac," said Lorcan in a tremulous voice, "your life is too valuable to be cut short so soon."

Cormac smiled faintly, and waving his hand to the assembled lords, withdrew once more to his beloved retreat in the sanctuary before the altar.

The morning dawned, and Mass being said by the king-bishop himself, the army set out from Cashel in three grand divisions. The first was commanded by the Prince of Ossory and the Abbot of Inniscathy; the second by Cormac himself, and the third by the Prince of the Deasies. The men of Thomond, the brave Dalcassians—marched under the command of their own prince. From the steps of his cathedral church Cormac had given his solemn benediction to the army at early morning when the troops were formed in marching order at the moment, every man felt himself strengthened and encouraged, but somehow when they found themselves face to face with the imperial army, numbering twice or thrice as many battalions as their own, the visible dejection of their monarch began to take effect on their minds, and their courage fell accordingly. To make matters worse, one of the chiefs who commanded a body of horse, thought proper to withdraw his men at the very first onset. Still, when the monarch exhorted all to do their duty, and encouraged them by his own example to charge with spirit, they rushed headlong on the foe, forgetful of the vast confederate force ranged against them, forgetful of their late misgivings, forgetful of all but the will of Cormac, and the honor of fair Mamonia. Notwithstanding the inferiority of their numbers, the men of Desmond and of Thomond made a gallant stand, and for hours long kept the field against the combined armies of Leinster and Ulster, headed by the monarch Flan. But numbers at length prevailed, and the scale of victory turned in favor of the imperial arms. When the contest was at its height the high-mettled steed on which Cormac rode, took fright, and cast its rider to the ground. The fall was fatal. The good king's presentiment was justified, or rather the revelation with which he had been favored, and this melancholy event so dispirited his army, already grievously thinned, that it was no longer possible to keep it in order. The enemy, taking advantage of the confusion, made a vigorous charge; a panic seized on the provisional troops; they fled in all directions, and a total route ensued. The slaughter was fearful, for historians say that there fell on that day, on the plain of Moryalbe, full six thousand of the men of Munster. Nor did the imperial army escape without severe loss, though inconsiderable when compared with that of the provincials.

That day was a day of doleful memory for the two Munsters. Eugenian and Dalcassian lay side by side in the stillness of death on the gory plain, and many of the princes of both lines were found amongst the slain. Besides Cormac himself, many of the chief princes and nobles were cut down on that fatal field. The brave Fitzpatrick of Ossory, and O'Felan of the Deasies, who at morning led forth two of the divisions of the army were at evening cold in death, and amidst all the heap of mangled corses lay the good and gentle, the brave and generous Cormac Mac Cuillenan, himself cold and lifeless. By a strange dispensation of Providence, of all the great leaders of the army, the rash and impetuous Flaherty alone escaped with life.

It was a sorrowful day in Munster when the body of the great king-bishop was borne in mournful triumph back to Cashel of the Kings. The veil of morning was over the land from sea to sea. Each tribe and territory mourned its own heavy loss, and all bewailed the death of Cormac, the kindest and best, if not the most prudent of kings.

* "This will is yet extant both in prose and verse," says O'Halloran, in his History of Ireland, and Keating enumerates the bequests to the different churches and monasteries as follows: "An ounce of gold, an ounce of silver, and a horse and arms to Ardfinan; a golden and a silver chalice, and a vestment of silk to Lismore; a golden and a silver chalice, four ounces of gold, and five of silver to Cashel; three ounces of gold and a mass book to Emly; an ounce of gold, and another of silver to Glendalough; a horse and arms, with an ounce of gold and a silk vestment, to Kildare; twenty-four ounces of gold and of silver to Armagh; three ounces of gold to Inniscathy; three ounces of gold and a silk vestment, with his royal benediction, to the successor of Mungret." The latter monastery was situate in the territory of Kinsenla.

— In our next, LANDING OF TURGESIUS AND HIS RULE IN IRELAND; RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE —DEATH OF TURGESIUS.

During the last six months 29,000 cases or about two millions of bonnets have been manufactured in Massachusetts. Worcester and Upton alone furnish five thousand five hundred cases, or more than three hundred and fifty thousand bonnets.

ARCHBISHOP HUGHES'S REFUTATION OF A MALICIOUS ARTICLE AGAINST HIM,

Published in the N. Y. Daily Times of Saturday, the 18th of July.

To the Editor of the New York Tribune:

SIR:—On the 9th of January, 1857, H. J. Raymond Esq., Editor of the New York *Daily Times*, published in his paper a mendatious and scurrilous article against Archbishop Hughes. It professed to be a communication, and was signed "Equitas." In the course of a week or ten days, Mr. Raymond was called on by a gentleman to meet the legal consequences of that libelous article, or to make known the writer's name. Mr. Raymond professed his regret that on the same afternoon he was obliged to go to Washington as a witness in some matter of Congressional dispute about the honesty of certain members in certain monetary transactions. He promised, however, that he should be absent only one day, and that as soon as he returned he would make known the author of "Equitas." Mr. Raymond went to Washington, and was there catechised by a Committee of the House, but nothing very clear was elicited from his anwers. He returned about the time he himself had specified, but was unable still, as he pretended, to give the name of his correspondent. Neither should he have promised to give it in so brief a period, since, according to his subsequent statement, the author resided in Boston. Still, from time to time, Mr. Raymond was dunned for the name of the author of the libel which he had published. He became somewhat alarmed and somewhat nervous in regard to the subject, but he kept on shuffling and procrastinating as long as he could. Finally, on the 17th of February of this year, he addressed a note to the Archbishop, couched in the following terms:

"DAILY TIMES OFFICE, New York, Feb. 17, 1857.

"DEAR SIR:—I was greatly surprised to learn last evening that you had never received from me any note in explanation of the publication of an article signed 'Equitas' in the *Times* of Jan. 9. I regret this, especially as it has left me under the suspicion of treating you with a disrespect which most assuredly I do not feel.

"The article reached me accompanied by a private note in the same handwriting, signed by Dr. McElroy of St. Mary's Church, Boston, who avowed himself the author. Relying entirely upon the respectability and responsibility of the name—the genuineness of which I did not for an instant suspect—I gave the article into the printers' hands without even a perusal. On being applied to for the name of the author, I wrote to Dr. McElroy for permission to give it—or rather to afford him an opportunity of assenting to its surrender—and was astonished to hear in reply that the whole thing was a FORGERY; and that he knew nothing whatever of the article in question. I wrote to him at once, expressing my deep mortification at so *ah meful an imposition*. I also immediately wrote you a note, embracing these explanations and inclosing the original of the private note accompanying the article, together with Dr. McElroy's reply to my letters. I sent them by a lad—the same who brings this—to No. 263 Mulberry street, and he told me afterward that he put it under the door. The next day I was informed that it had not then reached you, and supposed that this was in consequence of your absence or of some accident. As I heard no more of it, I took it for granted it had subsequently been received, and had no suspicion to the contrary until last night.

"I inclose the manuscripts of the article, which may possibly afford some clue for the detection of the author.

"I am, with great respect,
"Your obedient servant,
"H. J. RAYMOND.

"Archbishop Hughes."

A note of this kind would be calculated to win the confidence of the Archbishop, and it really had that effect for the time being. But there are circumstances connected with other proceedings of Mr. Raymond which are inexplicable. For instance, he speaks of a note accompanying the manuscript of "Equitas," and alleges that he had sent that note, together with a private one of his own, to No. 263 Mulberry street. Now, any note left at 268 Mulberry street would reach the Archbishop. When Mr. Raymond was questioned on this discrepancy, he pleaded that the boy by whom he had sent it would be still forthcoming; but that as a great snow storm prevailed at the time, the boy may not have found the house; but to use the words of his own explanation of this affair, the boy must have slipped it under the door of another. The Archbishop accepted for the time being this explanation, although other circumstances would throw doubt upon it. For instance, the first page of the communication of "Equitas" had been trimmed off at the top by the scissors of Mr. Raymond, as any one can see by the manuscript which the Editor of the *Times* subsequently furnished to the Archbishop. The boy, even in a snow storm, could have slipped under the Archbishop's door, or that of any of his neighbors, the whole communication just as easily as the trimmed portion which Mr. Raymond pretended to have sent by the diligent lad who, because there was a snow storm, could not distinguish No. 263 Mulberry street from any other house in the neighborhood, and who therefore discharged his message by slipping the communication under the most convenient door.

The Ex-Honorable Henry J. Raymond, once viceroy of the State of New York, had shown himself towards the Archbishop in former times as a courteous gentleman. Courtesy at the hands of others, the Archbishop hardly ever forgets. And it so happened that, even before these events, that he had been in conversation with a third party who knew him and knew Mr. Raymond well. He alluded to Mr. Raymond's

kindness in terms which were as sincere as complimentary. But the mutual friend interrupted him by stating:

"'Sir, you do not know Mr. Raymond. He is plausible in friendship, he is plausible in treachery; he has much animal cunning; but he was born without the instincts of a gentleman, and neither his education nor his opportunities of associating with gentlemen have been able to supply the innate and original deficiency.'"

The Archbishop thought this a harsh, and perhaps unjust analysis, of Mr. Raymond's character, and, in his own intercourse with that gentleman, making allowances, he thought there was much that would relieve Mr. Raymond from so undesirable a reputation.

Accordingly, the note which we have already quoted, and one or two others, were looked upon as proof that if he even had the misfortune to be born without the "instincts of a gentleman," still he was doing his best to acquire them. His second note is as follows:

"DALY TIMES OFFICE, New York, Feb. 21, 1857.

"DEAR SIR.—I recall as a paragraph from this morning's *Times*. I owe it to myself to say that I should have published such a one long ago, had I not supposed from a conversation with the gentleman who called at my house on your b half, that you would devise some steps to detect the authorship of the article signed 'Equitas.' I am, very truly, your obedient servant,

HENRY J. RAYMOND.

"Archbishop Hughes."

The following is the article to which ex Vice-Gov. Raymond, Editor of the *Times*, alludes in the foregoing note. It was published in the *Times* of Saturday, Feb. 21, 1857, as a kind of *amende honorable* to the Archbishop:

"A DOUBLE AND DOUBLY CONTEMPTIBLE IMPOSITION.—The Editor of a daily newspaper is, from the necessity of his position and the nature of his duties, exposed to impositions of various kinds, from which it is not always easy to protect himself. Falsehood and forgery, if shrewdly employed, are very likely to deceive Editors, as they constantly deceive merchants, lawyers and business men of every kind. We have endeavored to protect the columns of the *Times* against such frauds, and on the whole have no special reason to complain of failure. Yet in at least one instance the very impudence of the imposition secured its success.

"We received, some time since, a communication commending on Archbishop Hughes's article on the Catholic Press. It came accompanied by a private note to the Editor of the *Times*, signed with the name of one of the most venerable and respectable of the Catholic clergy in Boston, who avowed himself the author, and expressed a desire not to be known as such, unless it should become necessary. Recognizing the alleged authorship as eminently respectable, the article was published, without anything more than a cursory perusal in the *Times* of Jan. 9, under the signature of 'Equitas.' Upon subsequently applying to the supposed author for permission to give his name to parties interested, we were surprised by the reply that he had never written any such article, and knew nothing whatever of the matter. It was clear that his name had been deliberately *forged* by the writer who availed himself of this criminal mode of striking a cowardly blow at the character of the Archbishop, and at the same time of belying a Catholic clergyman, and imposing upon the Editor of the *Times* so far as to make it the means of giving effect to his double malignity. The character of the article corresponds with the means employed to secure its publication. It was palpably and purely malicious—designed not to promote any good public end, but simply to gratify perso al malice. It was a compound of abuse, mingled with facts distorted, perverted and misrepresented, well calculated to impose upon hasty readers.

"We need not add the expression of our regret at having been thus betrayed into the publication of such an assault upon the personal character of Archbishop Hughes. This distinguished Prelate has never shrunk from a full and complete responsibility to the public for whatever action he has deemed it his duty to take in connection with public affairs. Whatever he does is done openly in his own name, and we have more than once had occasion to express our dissent from his sentiments and his policy. But at the purity of his character, and the integrity of his motives, and his fidelity to the interests intrusted to his charge, there is no room to doubt. We should be sorry to suppose that the cowardly calumniator who by fraud and forgery has made this journal the vehicle of his malice had been able to injure him in the slightest degree."

Now, this public statement of Mr. Raymond's would seem to indicate that he has, after all, the instincts of a gentleman. But the shady and shuffling proceedings which marked his trimmings of the communication of "Equitas," and his pretensions that he had received a private note, which his poor, innocent, blundering boy slipped under the door of some house in New York during a snow storm, throw not a little suspicion over his public statement and his private note. And it remains still an open question whether he came into life destitute of the essential qualities of what is commonly called a gentleman, as his friend asserted.

Since commencing this article, the Archbishop has learned that Mr. Raymond is now in Europe, and some have assumed that because he is absent he is not responsible for what appears from day to day in his paper. This, to a certain extent, may be admitted. But his absence is no excuse for the publishing in his journal of calumnious and libelous articles by his representatives. If an editor goes to Europe, and wishes to save his own reputation, he should either announce the name of his *locum tenens*, and throw the responsibility of such publications on him, or he should give such wise instructions to his representatives as would save himself from the dishonor of their publications.

The Archbishop denies the claim of irresponsibility to any editor who, going abroad, allows his sanctum and tripod to be occupied by an unprincipled substitute.

One would suppose, in view of the whining apologies put forth by Mr. Raymond, either in private notes or through the columns of the N. Y. *Daily Times*, that no such article could ever appear in that journal as that published editorially in the issue of Saturday morning, 18th inst. Mr. Raymond affected to denounce his correspondent as a "FORGER," but now the forger is elevated to the editorial rank of the N. Y. *Times*, as may be seen by the following article headed "ROME AND NEW YORK:"

FIRST.

"ROME AND NEW YORK.—It is now twenty years since the aged Bishop Dubois lay on his death bed, and, in reply to the daily and dutiful call of John, Bishop of Basileopolis, his coadjutor, with the right of succession, responded: 'I am better—much better.' Neither mitred nor crowned heads love to see the forms of their successors darkening the sick chamber; and the shadow which the stalwart presence of Bishop Hughes cast upon the bed-side of the old French prelate seemed like the first admonition of that Valley of Death into which in spite of his assurances that he was better, he was fast hastening, and soon sunk.

Now, Mr. Editorial Forger of the *Times*, Bishop Dubois died in 1842, and it is only in your office that twenty years could be made out of fifteen. The other portions of this first paragraph are merely trite enough to be copied by those who have not brains to be original.

SECOND.

"Twenty years have passed, and the same shadow falls athwart the path of his successor—not upon his death-bed, but prematurely upon his unconscious daily walk. How well, or how ill, the Roman Catholic Prelate has administered his great trust, it is not for us to say. He has not escaped accusation. For years, he has not only set aside all rivalry, and repressed all recusancy, but substantially nullified the position of every ecclesiastic whose talents or influence could be brought into comparison with his own. To one of urbane manners and social taste, he would give the charge of a rude and unformed congregation. To another, a bankrupt church; to another, an insubordinate congregation. On the other hand, he lifted up the lowly, the ignorant and the uncouth, and he soon gathered about him a body guard of ecclesiastics of whom he was *facile princeps*; and in the Diocese of New York, more liberally perhaps than anywhere else in the Roman Church, was the Divine word realized, *Beati sunt pauperes animi*."

Forger, you state that it is not for you to say how well or how ill the Archbishop has administered his great trust. Then, Forger, why do you say it? You say he has not escaped accusation. But why should he have expected to escape accusation? To be accused is a part of a Bishop's office. You say that for years he has not only set aside all rivalry, and repressed all recusancy, but substantially nullified the position of every ecclesiastic whose talents or influence could be brought into comparison with his own. Now Editorial Forger of the *Times*, it so happens that the Archbishop has conferred his actual position on every clergyman of the diocese—it so happens that no ecclesiastic worthy of the name, has ever pretended to rival the Archbishop, either in talents or influence, and this for an obvious reason—that the whole authority of a diocese is confined solely and exclusively to the Bishop or Archbishop, who is charged with its government—that the priests of his diocese are his auxiliaries, to aid him in his efforts by their own zeal and talents, and to share with him, though filial sympathy, the burthen of oppression or of calumny, such as you have published in the *Times*.

You say that to a priest of urbane manners and social tastes the Archbishop would give the charge of a rude and unformed congregation. But why not? Such a congregation might be elevated and refined by a pastor of "urbane manners and social tastes." And why should his urbanity and social tastes be thrown away among people as refined as himself?

You say that to another the Archbishop would give a bankrupt church. This can apply only to one clergyman, and whether he will understand it as a compliment remains to be seen. You say that to another he would give case you might have known that he himself had an insubordinate congregation. But in such a in his own hands the power to subordinate the congregation, and their pastors, too, if circumstances rendered such a proceeding necessary.

You say that on the other hand he lifted up the lowly, the ignorant and the uncouth. But, Forger, is it a crime in an Archbishop to do what his Divine Master had done?—for, certainly, the apostles were not selected on account of their "urbane manners and social tastes."

THIRD.

"But is this the accusation upon which it is said the Pope is now called upon to terminate the Episcopal functions of John Hughes? By no means! Rome would not heed such a charge; nor would it give ear to the representations which, it is said, have been made long since to the Holy See, that the Catholic cause in America has suffered alike from the inordinate pretensions and the inexplicable inefficiency of His Grace. In a city through which three millions of Catholics have entered, since he has had charge of the Diocese of New York—In a city which numbers more professors of the faith than Rome itself—his accusers say that there is not a monument of Catholic power or influence, not an institution perfected; and that he alone has seemed unconscious of the movements of that living host, whose presence and influence has invited the attention and alarmed the jealousy of the Protestant people of these States. Everywhere else, they say, the Church is an organization, with a policy, with a great framework of institutions, to be filled up as time shall afford the means. Here, it is said by members of the Church, it is a chaos, without form and void. Not even an architectural structure worthy of a powerful and wealthy community—not a well-organized charity—not an institution of learning that commands respect, and that can point to His Grace as its Founder or sustainer. His, they say, has been the ambition and the politics of our Aldermen, and not the statesmanship of a prelate of the Church."

Forger of the *Times*, you are quite mistaken in regard to the facts alleged in the foregoing paragraph. The Archbishop is in constant communication with the high dignitaries in the Church in Rome. He enjoys their confidence; and one great proof of this is, that, after having given a general letter to our Minister Plenipotentiary to China, he requested of his Eminence, Cardinal Barnabo, Prefect of the College of the Propaganda, another general letter of introduction and recommendation for the same distinguished personage, and that this document so unusual from such a source, under such circumstances, was most kindly and promptly made out and will be in China awaiting Mr. Reed's arrival. You intimate that the Archbishop has done nothing, or but little, for the three millions of Catholics who have arrived and passed through New York within the last twenty years. Forger of the *Times*, what do *you* care for such people? You might as well hold the Archbishop responsible for the disputes and riots that are now going on in the city of New York, as for those Catholics who have passed through the city; and as to those Catholics who remain, notwithstanding all that is said against them, they may be considered, when compared with those from whom they should receive example, as law-abiding and peaceful citizens. Everywhere else, you say, the Church is an organization and a great framework of institutions, to be filled up as time shall afford the means. Now in New York the Church is an organization, and time has already furnished, to a great extent, the means of filling up its framework. You say that it is a chaos; and perhaps it will become such if forgers like yourself had influence enough to arrest for a moment its onward progress. You say that there is not even an architectural structure worthy of a powerful and wealthy community. But wait till we build the new St. Patrick's Cathedral. And, forger though you be, you must have common sense enough to understand that the settler in the West commences by erecting a log-cabin, and then, afterward, the stately mansion rises by its side. You say that there is not a well organized charity—not an institution of learning that commands respect—that can point to his Grace as its founder or sustainer. Well, it is certain that there are several well organized charities in this city—that there are some institutions of learning—and that, if they cannot point to his Grace as their founder and sustainer, his Grace must be the happiest prelate in Christendom, seeing that, according to you, the priesthood and people of his diocese have founded and sustained them without his co-operation. Still, Forger, he had a veto on them all, and if he had said "No" in regard to any one of them, it would have no existence to-day. Try to be just, therefore, Forger of the *Times*, and give his Grace some credit for not having prevented the foundation and sustainment of these various institutions.

FOURTH.

"And yet even these accusations have passed unheeded by Rome. The more serious inculpation for which Clergy of the Archdiocese, now present in the Eternal City, invoke the thunders of the Vatican, is that the Primate of New York has omitted to notice with due solemnities the declaration of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception; and that he turned his back and fled to Cuba when the Nuncio of Pius IX., assailed by the press, hooted and stoned by the mob, and burned in effigy in a hundred cities and villages, at Rome. Maladministration, nepotism, indolence, arrogance, a meddling and petty spirit, are nothing compared with offences which imply indifference to the Virgin Mary and disrespect to the representative of the Vicar of Christ on earth."

Forger, you do not fabricate as adroitly as an unprincipled editor of the *Times* might be expected to do. The first sermon preached by the Archbishop on his return from Rome was in honor of the solemn definition, by our Holy Father the Pope, of the Immaculate Conception. It was not a written nor even a well-prepared sermon; but it was taken down by a reporter of the New York *Herald*, and through the circulation of that paper found its way, uncorrected as it was, into the Eternal City. Imperfect as it was, it was deemed worthy of translation, and of being deposited among other similar documents in the archives of Rome. The Archbishop, at the same time, announced the purpose of constructing a new church in honor of the Immaculate Conception. And then, Forger, you are equally unfortunate in your allusion to Archbishop Bedini. You say that Archbishop Hughes turned his back on the Nuncio of Pius IX., while the said Nuncio was being assailed by the press, hooted and stoned by the mob, and burned in effigy in a hundred cities and villages, during a period in which he most needed "his" (the Archbishop's) support.

Now, it so happens that as long as the Nuncio honored the Archbishop with his presence and society, he was treated, both in New York and elsewhere, with all the courtesy and not a few of the honors to which a distinguished foreigner visiting the United States, on lawful business, would be entitled. But the Archbishop of New York, during his tour with the Nuncio, contracted a violent cold, which threatened the most serious consequences, as it was thought by his physicians that his lungs were, or would be soon, deeply affected. They advised his going to Cuba. But previous to his departure no personal insult had been offered to the amiable and learned Nuncio, Bedini.

Rome, therefore, has no complaint against the Archbishop for having neglected to honor the definition of the Immaculate Conception, nor for having turned his back on the Nuncio of Pius IX.

The paper proceeds in the next paragraph as follows:

FIFTH.

"It is difficult for the American mind to realize this indifference on one side, this sensitiveness on the other; but the fact, we believe, is not less true, and our readers need not be surprised if they hear that the Pope and his Holy College of Cardinals have designated a coadjutor to the Archbishop, with the right of succession, or, with still more painful severity, have designated Administrators of the Diocese, into whose hands its affairs shall pass, thus virtually deposing the present incumbent."

Mr. Forger, you need not be in the least uneasy with regard to the matter referred to in the paragraph just quoted. The writer of this can state, on the highest authority, that the Archbishop of New York has not the slightest idea of asking for a coadjutor, and that there is not the slightest probability of one being appointed during his life, except at his own request. Then, as to resignation, he will take that into serious reflection about the year 1879, if his life should be prolonged to that remote period. It may not be amiss, however, to state that if St. Peter, in the person of Pius IX. or his successor, should wish his resignation at any time, he will descend the steps of his Archiepiscopal throne with a more willing and a lighter heart than he had when he mounted them for the first time. As to administrators, and all that, if the forger were not as ignorant as he is malicious, he should know that they can have no place in the Catholic Church. It does not recognize "standing committees" to play bishops in the vacancy of a Catholic See.

SIXTH.

"But the harshness of the measure will, doubtless, be concealed under the honeyed phrases and deferential forms in which churchmen disguise every movement of what, among worldlings, would be called ambition or rivalry. The organ of the Archbishop will announce that his Grace has petitioned to His Holiness to be relieved of the cares which press too heavily upon him; that he desires to devote the remainder of his life to seclusion, and the devotional exercises which befit his calling and his age. The Bishops who are to take possession of the Diocese, and whom his charity and humility will forbid him to hate, will bow before him, will burn incense before him, will kiss his signet ring, and uphold his train as he ascends the altar to celebrate the mysteries of his religion."

Oh, Forger! ambitious as you suppose the Archbishop to be, he would not have the courage to see the Bishops who are to take charge of his diocese bowing and burning incense before him, and especially upholding his train or kissing his ring. This would be too much.

SEVENTH.

"Already conjectures are whispered as to the successorship; and the priests of Maynooth, and the Celtic clergy generally, speak of Archbishop O'Connor of Pittsburgh, while the ecclesiastics of American birth look to Bishop McCloskey of Albany, formerly coadjutor of New York, to whom, indeed, the suffrages of his colleagues of the Church would be gladly awarded, had he not refused, or at least omitted, to be an accuser of the Archbishop when the necessities of the Church called for his intervention."

On this point, too, Mr. Forger, you may be perfectly at ease. The priests of Maynooth have enough to do in preserving the roof which protects them—for there are forgers in London as well as in New York. Drummond and Spooner, though they may not have less malice, yet have more ability in their sad vocation than yourself. You ought to know that in the Catholic Church national distinctions are not encouraged, but rather repudiated. There is no doubt that if the See of New York were vacant, the amiable Bishop of Albany or the Bishop of Pittsburgh, would be a most excellent choice. But these distinguished prelates are wedded each to his own diocese; and it is almost certain that, except under an obligation of obedience to the Holy See, neither of them would give up his present post for any other appointment. Under all these circumstances, therefore, you must accept the epithet which Mr. Raymond fastened on the correspondent by whom he pretended to have been deceived, and for which deception he made a public apology that would be honorable to himself if it could be considered sincere. He called his correspondent a forger, without, perhaps, foreseeing that the future occupant of his editorial chair would prove by a tenfold stronger title his claim to the epithet.

In the meantime let the Catholic people of the diocese of New York and their clergy be united as they have been for many years, meeting day by day as they have met, with prudence and fortitude, the trials from without or from within which may happen to arise. The younger clergy will acquire more experience, and when the proper time comes it will not be difficult to select a suitable prelate to be the coadjutor or successor of the present Archiepiscopal incumbent.

Another remark we shall make before concluding. Forger asserts that there are clergy of the Arch-Diocese now present in the Eternal City invoking the thunders of the Vatican on what he calls the Primate of New York. This again is a mistake. There are only two priests of the diocese in the Eternal City, neither of them invoking any thunder of any kind on any one. The one is in perfect health both of body and mind—the other was not so well when last heard from. But he was about to take the benefit of the baths at Tivoli, and great hopes were entertained of his perfect restoration to health. But his physicians were not sanguine that the rugged climate of New York would be suitable to his constitution after his return. Fortunately, however, there is every variety of climate on our shores.

✠ JOHN, Archbishop of New York.

New York, July 20, 1857.

ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S COLLEGE, N. Y.

The annual commencement of this institution took place on Monday and Tuesday evenings, 13th and 14th of July, in the basement attached to the church adjoining. The exercises of the first evening, consisting of examinations in Chemistry, Astronomy, etc., and conducted by Mr. Dandurin, S. J., were witnessed by a highly intellectual and appreciative audience, composing the friends and patrons of the Students and College. The examinations in these high branches of science being concluded, a few speeches from the most select authors were delivered by J. Campbell and T. O'Reilly. The most agreeable feature, doubtless, of the evening, was the execution of a play entitled "The Miser," which was done ample justice to by P. Nicholson, J. Duff and several others.

On the second evening, a higher and more interesting species of exhibition was afforded, consisting of three speeches by the "three sages" of the College. The subjects selected were: "The Present Literary Aspect of the English Drama;" "The Present Moral Aspect of the English Drama," and "The Advantages of Intellectual Philosophy," which were respectively treated by Messrs. O'Donnell, Clark and Brann, in a sound and logical manner. On both evenings, the audience were entertained with the most exquisite operatic choruses, sung by the students under the skilful direction of Prof. Weismuller.

X.

OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENCE.

Public anxiety with regard to Indian affairs.—Delhi, its position, population and strategical importance.—Precious attempts at insurrection.—Steamers chartered by the E. I Company to sail from Dublin.—China.—The Parisian Correspondent of the MORNING POST.—*What he says and what he unsays.—Is France to take the lead in China?—The Russian bear suspected of having a paw in the Chinese pie.—The Hong Kong estimates.—Sharp fighting between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Whiteside.—How many men it takes to do one man's duty in the East.—The battle ends in smoke.—Mr. Roebuck moves the abolition of the Irish Viceroyalty.—A Protestant Government gave away Irish Independence.—Mr. R's. opinion of British rule in Ireland.—The government makes laws it durst not enforce.—They are afraid to meddle with the L[illegible] of the fold of Judah.—Mr. Whiteside's constituents can produce 50 as able men as Mr. Buchanan, the President of the United States.—The motion lost.—Your correspondent's opinion as to the exact value of the Viceroyalty and how long it ought to be preserved.—The Mayo petition.—His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam.—Where and oh! where is the "Jew Bill?"—The Bishop of Marseilles expected.*

LONDON, 10th July, 1857.

The absorbing topic of the moment is still the revolt in India. Notwithstanding the efforts of the *Times* to represent the insurrection as comparatively insignificant in character and harmless in its consequences it seriously preoccupies the public mind. When I say the public mind, I do not mean the minds of the mass of the English people, who believe with an implicit faith worthy of a nobler object whatever "the papers" wish to make them swallow. I mean those who have sufficient knowledge of Indian affairs to know what a severe shake such movements give to British influence in India and of what importance the city of Delhi, which is the stronghold of the insurgents, possesses as a strategical centre of operations. That city, which contains a population of about 100,000 inhabitants, commands, by its central position, almost all the northern part of Hindostan, and of this fact the natives seem to be well aware, as it has already been the theatre of several attempts at revolt in 1825 and at various periods since. The anxiety with which the arrival of the next telegraphic news is looked for is intense. The East India Company has engaged six steamers and eleven sailing vessels for the transport of troops and the city of Dublin has been fixed as the place where the steamers and four of the sailing vessels are to take on board their cargoes of food for bullets and for the climate of India.

The affairs of China, as far as we can learn, seem to be in *statu quo*. The Parisian correspondent of the *Morning Post* has contradicted the rumor of an application by Lord Palmerston to the French Emperor for aid in the operations against the Chinese in case a concentration at Bengal of all the British forces now in the East should become necessary. It is difficult to decide between the contradiction and the statement, for the correspondent of the *Post* had advanced the latter in a previous correspondence. Would it not be strange if France were obliged to play in China the same important part she filled in the Crimea? Certain organs—and important ones—have even entertained the idea that it was only the same tragicomedy which was about to be played on a different stage, and in which Russia was again to fill the character of the Bugbear of the North.

The estimate for Hong Kong gave rise to most artistic splintering of lances between Mr. Whiteside and Lord Palmerston in the Commons during the Session of the 3d current. Mr. Whiteside's attack was irresistibly comic, and the Prime Minister's reply was couched in the same strain with the addition of a strong dose of personal satire; but the rejoinder of the former was the climax of the set-to. Mr. Whiteside did not object to the amount of Sir John Bowring's salary, nor to allowing that official the luxury of a Secretary and Registrar at a salary of £700, nor yet again to allowing the last-mentioned functionary a first assistant and keeper of records, but he was surprised the first assistant should need a second assistant who could not get on without a third assistant, who, in his turn, could not dispense with a fourth assistant. There was a Chinese Secretary at £1,000 a year, assisted by another Secretary, and next a corps of thirteen supernumary interpreters, assisted by four Chinese linguists. Mr. W. proposed reducing each of those corps by half, leaving the first and second assistants to amuse the Secretary and Registrar. Mr. Wilson's explanation that the word "assistant" in the East was synonymous with "clerk" excited considerable hilarity; he further explained that the supernumary interpreters were a number of young Englishmen sent out on low salaries to learn the Chinese language. The Prime Minister believed the honorable gentleman's confession of being in the dark, and his remarks proved his assertion. The honorable member though his Lordship supposed, a very good linguist did count a knowledge of the Chinese language among his attainment, some of his remarks in the House were as unintelligible as if uttered in that tongue. Unless the tongue could express intelligible sounds—perhaps the honorable gentleman was not always aware of that difficulty—all communication was useless. It was essential for the purposes of trade that these officials should understand Chinese. The establishment was no greater than the necessities of the public services required. Mr. Whiteside presumed that, of course, the noble lord knew everything; or at all events he affected to do so, which was about the same thing, and very valuable quality in a Prime Minister. The noble Lord had adopted a very adroit and often successful way of treating a question, attacking his adversary, telling him it was none of his business, and assuming that everybody else understood all about the matter except himself. The fact was that Lord Clarendon had told the Prime Minister that it was necessary to provide such places for the young friends of official men. The explanation might satisfy those on the same side of the house with his Lordship. The matter ended by the withdrawal of the amendment, but though the affair ended in smoke, it was the most amusing *divertissement* which has enlivened the chronic dullness of the House for some time past.

Mr. Roebuck brought forward his motion for the abolition of the Viceroyalty of Ireland on Tuesday. In the opinion of that honorable little gentleman Ireland is not and ought not to be considered an independent country, and in so saying he did not wish to offend the Irish members. He had never in his long political career said a word derogatory to Ireland. When Ireland consented to do away with her parliament—and she did do so, repeated Mr. Roebuck in answer to an expression of dissent from one of the Irish members. Was it not a Prorestant Parliament that consented? He would not say that disgraceful means had not been employed but a Protestant Parliament representing Ireland consented to the Union and did away with the independence of Ireland. He looked upon the Viceroy as a mere sham, and the history of the country up to within a very few years was a disgrace to England. Cruelty, usurpation and despotism had marked every step of English dominion in Ireland. Since there was a reformed parliament only two acts offensive to Ireland had been passed: the Coersion act and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill and he had opposed them both and they saw within a few days the Archbishop of Tuam boldly asserting his title and they dare not put in force the act they were foolish enongh to pass! He looked upon the Viceroyalty as the last badge of slavery imposed upon Ireland, and he moved its abolition. Mr. Grogan opposed the motion and showed the benefits accruing to the city of Dublin by an amount of money spent there by those attached to the Viceregal court. Mr. Whiteside said he was a Protestant and a conservative; he would say that were Ireland as far from England as Canada is the system of government that was adopted could be blown to pieces like a house of cards. He had met the President of the United States, Mr. Buchanan, who was considered capable of governing a great empire; those Mr. W. represented could produce 50 men as good as Mr. Buchanan, yet, Irishmen were scarcely deemed competent to furnish an Under Secretary. He was not an enthusiastic admirer of the office of Lord Lieutenant but he would not support a motion brought forward so abruptly. Mr. Maguire was severe on the Lord Lieutenancy and especially facetious on Lord Carlisle. On division the original motion was lost by a majority of 151. For my part I estimate the Vice-regal Court at the amount of money it is worth to the city of Dublin. It is true that since the Union the annual revenue, at that period, £2,000,000, has since declined to £96,000 in 1831, and £20,000 in 1850; but I say let it be kept as long as it puts anything into the pockets of the Dubliners and as soon as it is no longer worth anything let it be thrown to the canine species.

The Mayo Election Committee will soon have terminated their investigation, and I think there is scarcely the shadow of a doubt that it will end in favor of Mr. Moore. Not one of the charges made against the clergy have been substantiated. The noble bearing and the dignified simplicity with which the venerable Archbishop of Tuam underwent his examination confounded even the effrontery of the lawyer's of the adverse party. The military gentleman on duty during the election testified to the efforts of the Rev. Mr. Conway to prevent a collision. So much for the accusations of Mr. Higgins and his faction.

As was to be expected the "Rothschild Bill" in the House of Lords has gone the way that such bills ought to go. It has been announced that a new election for London will take place as "the Baron" pledged himself to resign in case of the defeat of the measure this session.

The Bishop of Marseilles is expected here. His Grace intends visiting the establishment of his order and consecrating a new church of the Oblate Missionaries. Several Bishops have been invited to assist at the ceremony. A discourse will be pronounced by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

W.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Revolutionary Fiascos in Italy.—Mazzini.—An English Female Fillibuster.—The Anglo-Italian Legion engaged.—Taking of the Cagliari.—Landing of Men and Arms at Leghorn.—The Invaders Arrested.—Descent on the Island of Ponza.—A Reinforcement of Convicts.—Unsuccessful attack on Sapri.—Two Forts attacked at Genoa.—Failure of the Attempt.—Italian Soldiers Assassinated in cold blood at Leghorn.—The Offenders summarily dealt with.—Minister Ratazzi's account of the affair to the Chamber of Deputies.—Capture of the Cagliari and its Cargo of Conspirators by two Neapolitan Frigates.—Order reigns at Leghorn.—Naples quiet.—Departure of Pope Pius for Modena.—The ASSEMBLEE NATIONALE *suspended.—The* UNION *on M. de Montalembert.—The Archbishop of Bordeaux in Vienna.*

PARIS, 8th July, 1857.

Public curiosity has been attracted to Italy in consequence of the attempts at revolution which have been made at various points of that country. The accounts we have so far received are voluminous and diffuse, and altogether vague and unsatisfactory. The correspondents of the various journals and the Italian papers, either know nothing precise with regard to those risings, or they vie with each other in writing as much as possible, and giving the least possible amount of satisfactory information. The following is what I have succeeded in expressing from a heap of accounts of those insurrectionary manifestations.

Mazzini and his faithful companion, Miss White, an Englishwoman, have been for some time in Genoa, and have been engaged in lighting up the embers of the old revolutionary fires. Miss White has been indefatigable in the service of her companion, and their exploits in the way of propagandism, roused the suspicions of the Italian Governments, which may account for the speedy manner in which the efforts of the rebels were put down at all the points which they attacked. Mazzini enrolled a number of soldiers of the disbanded Anglo-Italian legion, at Genoa, and a portion of those soldiers took passage on board the *Cagliari*, a steamer bound for Tunis, and freighted with arms of all descriptions, sent to that country on private speculation. They evidently embarked with the design of seizing the vessel, for no sooner were they out at sea than they bound the Captain and crew, and took possession of the steamer. They changed her course and sailed towards Leghorn. There they landed a number of men, with a quantity of arms, but finding neither sympathy nor aid among the population, they were speedily arrested.

Those who remained on the steamer, on leaving Leghorn directed their course towards the Island of Ponza, a penal establishment belonging to Naples, and liberated from two to three hundred prisoners. With this reinforcement they attacked Sapri, but the Neapolitan police, already warned of the probability of an attack were on their guard and frustrated the designs of the assailants.

At Genoa, other conspirators, directed, it is said, by Mazzini, endeavored to take two of the fortresses, but there again the plot utterly failed. The leading conspirators counted on the discontent of the people on account of the levying of a certain tax and the removal of the Marine Depot to Spezia. A number of arrests have been made and among them appear the name of M. Savi, a lawyer, and director of the *Italia del Popolo*, a revolutionary sheet of the most ferocious kind. Three individuals who, during the attack on the forts killed a Sergeant have also been arrested. Mazzini, as usual, is nowhere to be found.

At Leghorn, several soldiers, while walking in the city had been assassinated. Most of the insurgents taken in the struggle which lasted from the night of the 30th June until the evening of 1st July, were immediately shot.

In the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies, during the Session of the 1st July, M. Revel asked the Ministry to inform the Chamber with regard to the arrests, visits and domiciliary searches consequent on the attempts to seize the forts del Diamante and Sperone. He desired to know if the Government had adopted measures not only to repress but also to prevent outbursts which however unsuccessful they might be, would be differently interpreted by the friends and enimies of the country. He desired to know the character of those affairs and the social position of the individuals arrested, in order that both at home and abroad correct opinions might be formed. M. Ratazzi, one of the Ministry, stated in reply that he could not enter into precise details, because, in the first place, the Ministry had not yet received all the authentic information desirable, and secondly because criminal proceedings had been commenced against the incitors and their accomplices, in which case certain declarations might compromise the interests of justice and aggravate the position of the persons arrested. The Government had been previously informed that an anarchico-republican attempt was about to be made at Genoa in conformity with orders received from other parts of the interior or from beyond the frontiers. The government was advised that on the night of the 29th ult., an attack would be made, but up to 12 o'clock the only thing discovered was the cutting of the telegraph lines between Turin and Genoa. The military was placed at the disposition of the local authorities. Several groups armed with stilettos and other weapons were arrested. Fifty of the insurgents attacked the Fort del Diamante but the only regrettable incident of the affair was the assassination of a sergeant of the Savoy brigade. Unwilling to make arrests on mere suspicion the government could not have prevented those manifestations.

The *Cagliari* has been captured with a number of conspirators, by two Neapolitan frigates. Order had been restored at Leghorn, and at Naples everything was quiet. Our next letters from Italy will, no doubt, bring us more exact accounts of these mad attempts, which I will not fail to transmit you. At present I only give an analysis of the statements which have reached us, without guaranteeing their entire correctness.

His Holiness the Pope left Bologna on the 23d on his way to visit the Duke of Modena. His reception in that city was of the most brilliant description. Besides the respect and affection that the Head of the Church naturally inspires in an eminently Catholic City, the inhabitants of Modena are highly pleased at receiving the first visit made by his Holiness outside his own dominions.

The elections of the 5th and 6th have terminated in favor of the three opposition candidates, but, notwithstanding the wonderful exertions of the democratic party, and the coalition of all colors and opinions opposed to the present government, one only of the candidates has reached a thousand majority over the official nominees. The fact is significative.

The article on M. de Montalembert's non-election, published by the *Assemblee Nationale*, and of which I gave you a summary in my letter of the 2nd, has brought upon that journal the attention of the government, in the shape of a a warning of a semi-official character. In an article on the same subject the *Union* says:

"The powerful voice of the Catholic orator, of the rival and emulator of O'Connell, in the service of the Church, will not be heard in our Assemblies for a long time to come; that voice is henceforth condemned to silence. The electors of the first circumscription of the Doubs have silenced it as one extinguishes a blazing flambeau; it was their right, their sorrowful right, but they have taken advantage of it. May their souls be in peace, but we would not wish to share their glory. The Deputy who had the greatest share in the conquest of freedom of education no longer suited them. More than twenty years of a struggle for that precious prerogative obtained for the heads of families, in order to enable them to educate their children as they desired, and where they pleased, have counted for nothing in their minds and in their conscience."

The *Assemblee* having paid no attention to the warnings has been suspended for two months from the 8th July.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Bordeaux arrived in Vienna on the 1st and had an audience with the Emperor on the following day.

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CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

THE POPE.—A letter from Rome, in the *Constitutionnel*, says: "The Pope will remain three days at Modena. On his return to Bologna he will again take up his residence at San Michele, in Bosco, and leave between the 12th and the 15th, to continue his journey by Ferrara to Lugo, Cervia, and Ravenna. The consistory already spoken of will be held at Bologna. It is no longer in contemplation to create a cardinal, but in addition to the nominations of bishops which will be announced, the Pope will deliver an allocution. I think I may also add, that the concordat with Portugal and other serious affairs connected with the church will form the subject of his address. The political prisoners who have up to this time received either full pardon or commutations of punishment are 20 in number. The Pope has given 75,000 piastres (nearly 500,000f.) for the completion of the front of the church of St. Petrona, the cathedral of Bologna. The marriage of Count Louis Mastai-Ferretti, nephew of the Pope, with the sister of the Prince del Drago Biscias Gentili, who married one of the daughters of Queen Maria Christina, is on the point of being definitively concluded. Prince Annibal Simonetti has put an end to his existence by throwing himself out of a window of his palace at Ancona. As he was in possession of a considerable fortune, and surrounded by everything to render life agreeable, the cause which led him to commit the rash act at present remains a mystery. Prince Simonetti had been called by Pius IX. to the Ministry of Finance during the constitutional *regime*. He was the first Secular Minister, and succeeded the Prelate Morichini, who is now Cardinal. The Prince, on resigning his post, was replaced by Count Rossi."

THE NEW CHURCH OF SAINT KILLIAN CLONDALKIN.—On Sunday, the 5th of July, the pretty village of Clondaklin and its immediate vicinage formed the scene of a religious *fete* in connection with the ceremonial of laying the foundation stone of a new Catholic parochial church, suitable to the requirements of a vast congregation daily increasing in numbers and influence in the district. We need hardly remark that the older edifices of Catholic worship throughout Ireland are for the most part inconveniently small and otherwise unsuited for their holy purpose, having been erected in penal times, when the Irish Catholic (priest and layman) possessed no recognized civil rights, and was made the subject of bitter persecution. The old chapel of Clondalkin is no exception to this class of buildings. The new church, when completed, with its accessory buildings, will form, with the other structures, a large quadrangle. The front of the church will face towards the village. Its length from the front to the extreme end of the chancel will be 123 feet. Its width at the aisles will be 53 feet, including a nave of 27 feet wide, and side aisles 12 feet wide each. The interior height from floor to roof ridge will be 52 feet. The design has been given by W. F. Caldbeck, Esq., architect, of Harcourt street, whose well known taste and ability are exemplified in the tasteful and well proportioned character of the new church, the plans and elevations of which were inspected by the archbishop, and received his grace's admiring approval. The church will be a fine specimen of ecclesiastical architecture of the solid and chastely ornate Gothic order.

THE JESUIT MISSION IN TULLA.—On Friday over two thousand persons, young and old, who had been prepared by the Jesuit Fathers and the resident clergymen, received the Sacrament of Confirmation from the Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Killaloe, and the Right Rev. Dr. Whelan, who had kindly gone down from Dublin to assist in the important and laborious office. On Saturday three or four hundred of the religious people received the sacred rite from the consecrated hands of both the prelates. The mission terminated on Sunday. During its continuance for three weeks the Rev. Mr. Bowles, the respected and zealous parish priest, was assisted by fourteen or fifteen other clergymen of the district. The spacious church was crowded from morning to night, and hundreds had to leave finally without being gratified and blessed as others were. The bishop kindly assured them that before very long they should have a mission in some parish near them, so that their heartfelt wishes may be carried out.—*Munster News.*

NEW CHAPEL OF KILBAHA, COUNTY CLARE.—The Rev. Mr. Meehan, P.P., Carrigaholt, county Clare, most gratefully acknowledges £1 each from the Right Rev. Dr. Cantwell, Lord Bishop of Meath, and the Right Rev. Dr. M'Nally, Lord Bishop of Clogher; and £5 from the Lord Chief Baron Pigot, towards the building of a Chapel in Kilbaha, on a site at length given, instead of a wooden structure called the "Ark," and a kind of box about six feet square, and raised about three feet from the ground, resting on four wheels, the congregation (about four hundred) kneeling on the road around it! The Right Rev. Dr. Vaughan, the revered Bishop of Killaloe, has given a permissory letter to the Rev. Mr. Meehan to collect subscriptions in this extraordinary case; and we earnestly hope that the benevolent public will afford prompt and liberal co-operation.

THE RIGHT REV. DR. GILLOOLY.—Our pious and venerated Coadjutor Bishop visited this part of his diocese on Wednesday and Thursday, and it was truly gratifying to see his lordship in the enjoyment of such excellent health and spirits notwithstanding the onerous duties which he has to discharge.—*Longford Journal.*

DEATH OF THE REV. MR. FLANNELLY, P.P., NEWPORT.—We deeply regret to announce the death by drowning of the above-named highly respected clergyman, which melancholy event occurred on Tuesday, at Newport, county Mayo. The sad occurrence has caused the greatest regret amongst his parishioners and friends.—*Tuam Herald.*

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, confirmed 800 children in Clonmel and 600 in Cappoquin.

The Right Rev. Dr. Kane, R.C. Bishop, laid the foundation stone of a new chapel at Kileagh, seven miles from Youghal, county Cork.

His Grace the Archbishop of Tuam preached on Sunday, 12th of July, at Islington, London, in the handsome church of Canon Oakley.

Miss Quin, of Clonmel, has just taken the black veil, at the Presentation Convent there.

Domestic.

BISHOP DEMERS.—The well-known Dr. Demers, for many years companion of Rev. Pere de Smet, and Bishop of Vancouver's Island, was in Toronto during the past week. His Lordship will, we believe, as soon as he returns with Bishop de Charbonnel, take up a collection in aid of his poor diocese. We doubt not that his reception will be generous. The diocese of Dr. Demers is the wildest and most northerly on the continent of America. It commences at the boundary line between the United States and the British possessions, and extends north to Prince Patrick's Island, beyond the Russian territories. The eastern boundary is the Rocky Mountains. The hardships endured by this devoted prelate and his two missionaries are almost incredible. At one time during whole seasons, preaching amongst the Indians, they will be reduced to the necessity of subsisting on dried salmon and water, and at another, solely upon horseflesh. His Lordship has about one thousand souls, principally French Canadians, in the diocese, besides ten thousand Indians who have been baptized by himself and his priests. Bishop Demers was an intimate friend of the late lamented Bishop Power. He divides with Bishop Tache the domain of the Great West.—*Toronto Mirror.*

SUDDEN DEATH OF A PROFESSOR AND LINGUIST.—Henri Schmitt, formerly a Professor of Language in St. Xavier College, in this city, and recently of Mount St. Mary's College, in Kentucky, came here from that State a confirmed invalid some weeks ago, expecting to be benefitted by change of air, and engaged a room in a house on the east side of Walnut street, between Sixth and Seventh. His health, however, did not improve, and yesterday morning he was found dead in his bed. He died of apoplexy. Mr. Schmitt, a native of Germany, wrote and spoke fluently, in addition to his own, the French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, English and Hebrew languages; was a man of vigorous mind and a high order of intellect, and much esteemed by those who knew his worth.—*Cincinnati Gazette, July 24.*

CONFIRMATION.—On Monday, July 13th, his Grace the Archbishop confirmed 62 persons in St. Paul's Church, Herring Cove, and on Tuesday following he administered the same sacrament to 102 persons in St. Peter's Church, Ketch Harbor. Triumphal arches were erected, flags and banners were displayed on the road and in front of the churches, and rounds of musquetry were fired by great numbers of the hardy fishermen, both on his Grace's arrival and on his departure. The churches were decorated with great taste. During the two days, his Grace and the Rev. gentlemen who accompanied him, were hospitably entertained by the zealous and good pastor, the Rev. John Carmody. At Ketch Harbor the choir acquitted themselves with great credit, under the direction of Mr. Kelly.—*Halifax Catholic.*

DIOCESE OF RICHMOND.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop McGill administered the Sacrament of Confirmation in St. Joseph's Church, Petersburg, to twenty-seven persons, the majority of whom were converts. The Bishop preached an eloquent sermon at High Mass. We copy the following extract from the Petersburg South Side *Democrat*: "Bishop McGill enjoys a reputation second to that of few men in the country, as a chaste, forcible speaker and a logical controversialist. His style is severe and argumentative, while perfectly courteous and Christian-like, and as he adds to the abilities of the theologian the graces of fluent and often fervid oratory, he is much admired both within and without his church by numbers who have no opportunity of being charmed by his many estimable qualities of heart.

DIOCESE OF NATCHES — CONFIRMATION.—The Right Rev. Dr. Elder, Bishop of Natches, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, on Sunday, 21st ult., to 56 persons at St. Patrick's, and to 120 persons in St. Theresa's Church, New Orleans. On Wednesday, 24th, Archbishop Blanc, in the same city, confirmed 60 persons in the Chapel of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and on Thursday, the 25th, he confirmed 210 in the Episcopal Church of St. Mary.—*Lafourche Union.*

Died, on Sunday, 19th July, at the *Hotel Dieu*, Montreal, the Rev. M. Paquet, aged 87. The reverend gentleman was for some years Cure of St. Raphael in the Isle Bizard, but on account of declining health he was compelled to abandon his charge, and to retire to the *Hospiece de St. Joseph*, destined for invalid priests. About a fortnight before his death only, was he removed to the *Hotel Dieu*, where he breathed his last. His remains were deposited in the St. James' Church on Wednesday.—*R. I. P.*—*Montreal True Witness.*

CITY NEWS.

A BURGLAR AND MURDERER.—An Italian named Michael Cancemi, a native of Palermo, Sicily, in conjunction with a gang of burglars, made an attempt to rob the shoe store of Nelson Sammis, corner of Grand and Centre streets, early on the morning of Tuesday, the 21st ult. While engaged in their nefarious design, one of the party made a loud noise by stumbling over a box which happened to be in his way, the consequence of which was, that an old man named Simon Anone and his wife, who slept in the basement of the building in question, was awakened. Anone gave the alarm, when Officer Anderson came up and attempted to arrest Cancemi, when the fellow lodged the contents of a huge pistol, which he carried about him, in the body of the officer, who died almost instantaneously. Cancemi then fled in the direction of Worth street, where he resided, hotly pursued, and was arrested on the steps of his own door. It appears that previous to the 3d of July, the murdered man was the proprietor of a vegetable and fruit stand in Centre Market, and on its becoming known that he was shot, a crowd composed of butchers' boys, residents of the neighborhood, and friends of the deceased generally, collected together for the purpose of taking Cancemi out of the hands of the authorities, with the view of "Lynching" him, but this the police prevented, and lodged their prisoner in the station-house. In the course of the same day, when it became necessary to remove him for final commitment to the Tombs, the crowd again collected for the purpose of carrying out their previous intention, and so exasperated were they become by this time, and so intent on obtaining the prisoner, that his escort were compelled to draw their revolvers. The premises occupied by Cancemi were searched by the police, and a variety of rare and valuable articles found.

TWO VERDICTS.—The jury empannelled to enquire into the circumstances of the recent police riot in the Seventh Ward, and the death of John Muller, have rendered two verdicts, one signed by four jurors, the other by the remaining three. The first, and most important verdict, finds that Muller was shot by one of the policemen, while the other is not so concise, but finds that he (Muller) died from the effects of a gun shot wound inflicted by some person to them unknown. The charge of unnecessary and wanton violence perpetrated by the police is, however, fully confirmed in all its details.

THE MEAT MARKET.—Fewer cattle were offered for sale last week than on the previous. Prices did not go up however, while at several places there was a decline of half a cent, and, in some instances, of one cent per pound. Veal was moderate even at a decline, prices ranging from 5 to 7 cents per pound, the latter for the very best quality. A large supply of sheep and lambs were driven in, but buyers evinced no anxiety on their account, the top ones of each bringing from $4 to $6. The great majority of beeves offered were poor, good ones appearing to be scarce.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—During the gale which swept over this city on Thursday of last week, one of the flag-staffs on the roof of the Brandreth House, corner of Broadway and Canal street, was struck by lightning and broken to pieces. A portion of the fluid entered the building, but fortunately did no material damage except melting the bell wires and making a loud report which frightened the inmates.

PAYING DEAR FOR THE WHISTLE.—The Comptroller has made known that the sum necessary to be raised for carrying on the city government for the year 1857 is $7,715,706. This it will be readily admitted is no trifling sum, especially when we come to reflect that all taxes of this nature come out of the pockets of the poor, the industrious and the laboring classes.

INDIGNATION MEETINGS.—Several indignation meetings have taken place in this city within the last fortnight for the purpose of expressing detestation at the enactments perpetrated by the late Legislature. Most of the meetings alluded to were well attended, especially those held in the Sixteenth and Twentieth Wards.

A VENERABLE CRAFT.—There is at present on the large Balance Dock in this city, for the purpose of repair, the identical vessel which conveyed General Wolfe to Quebec. She is named the William and Mary, was formerly a British frigate, and is now almost one hundred years old.

"STILL THEY COME."—Up to the 15th of July there arrived at this port 107,237 persons from foreign countries, being an increase of 38,715 over the arrivals of last year to the same date.

CITY MORTALITY.—471 deaths have taken place in this city for the week ending Saturday, the 25th July; of this number 126 were adults, and 345 children.

Captain Walling, who was deputed to take the command of the Metropolitan Police squad stationed lately at Seguine's Point, was arrested on Tuesday, the 21st ult., and brought before Justice Fisher, at Tottenville, Staten Island, charged with appropriating some two hundred dollars, belonging to Mr. Abraham Latourette, to his own use. It is alleged that the captain went to the residence of Latourette for the purpose of arresting him, and that, while so engaged, came across something that pleased him almost as well—namely, a roll of bills which happened to be lying carelessly on the top of a bureau, which roll it is said he became so enamoured of as to transfer it to his pocket. The Justice evidently looked with an unfavorable eye on the matter, as he declared he would be compelled to hold the captain in five hundred dollars bail to answer the charge before the Grand Jury.

The extensive buildings belonging to the Brooklyn Railway Company, near Greenwood Cemetery, were set on fire in three different places by some evil-disposed person or persons, on Saturday night last, and wholly consumed. There were in the stables attached to the buildings, at the time of the accident, 197 horses. Of this number 122 were saved, the remainder were consumed. The charred carcasses of 62 of those poor animals were counted among the ruins. A watchman attached to the premises reports that a short time before the fire broke out he saw two men run from the buildings, whom he pursued, and fired at, but without effect, as they escaped into the woods hard by.

The Irish citizens resident in the Seventeenth Ward contributed the handsome sum of one hundred and eight dollars as their donation in behalf of the widow of the unfortunate man John Muller, the victim of the Metropolitan Police. The money was received with evident gratitude by the countrymen and friends of the deceased, who expressed a hope they may yet have an opportunity of proving how highly they appreciated the kindness and good nature displayed towards them by the Irish citizens of the Seventeenth Ward.

Considerable damage was done in this city and vicinity during the thunder storms of last week. In Brooklyn one man was killed and a second seriously injured. In Jersey City a vessel was struck, and a barn in the village of Rhinbec belonging to a person named Marquart shared the same fate.

A poor man residing at East 29th street, being oppressed by the heat during one of the days of the last heated term, went to the window of his apartment, situated in the fourth story, and after a few moments fell fast asleep. While so, he accidentally fell to the pavement beneath, and in consequence received such injuries that he died.

Another fatal and melancholy accident, owing to the capsizing of a boat in the East River, occurred on Sunday week last. This melancholy occurrence caused the death of three persons. Some boys bathing near the shore witnessed the catastrophe and gave the alarm, but without avail, as all had gone down.

An individual named Humprey from Rome, in this State, got swindled out of thirty-one dollars by some emigrant runners. It appears Humprey intended going to England and purchased three passage tickets. An over charge to the above amount was made. A warrant was issued for the arrest of the sharpers.

A painter named Edward Adams while engaged on the 14th ult. in painting the pinnacle of St Peter's Church in West Twentieth street, fell to the ground. The pinnacle giving way was the cause of the accident. The wounded man was conveyed to his residence.

The funeral of policeman Anderson took place on Sunday last. A large body of the police and of persons belonging to the fire department were in attendance. The remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery.

The number of burglaries reported from day to day as occurring in this city, should enforce on business men the absolute necessity there exists of having their stores and places of business secured in the safest and firmest manner.

THE LAST OF WALKER'S ONE-HORSE NAVY. The New Orleans *True Delta* learns that the Nicaragua war schooner Granada, which was delivered to the Costa Ricans by Captain Davis, after taking it from Gen. Walker, sunk in the harbor of San Juan del Sur, with all the arms and ammunition which were in her belonging to the Nicaraguans, and some additional arms which were put on her afterwards. She was in a leaky condition, and those in charge of her had barely time to escape before she went to the bottom.

A meeting was held in London to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the battle of Plassy, and for the purpose of erecting a memorial to Lord Clive. Lord Hill took the chair.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

COFFEE—The demand is brisker, and prices favor factors. Java, 16¢@17c.; Jamaica, 12¢@12¢c.

FLOUR AND MEAL—State and Western Flour is more sought after at somewhat firmer prices. Sales: 9,000 bbls., at prices within the annexed range:

Ordinary State	$6 20@$6 30
Straight State	6 35@ 6 45
Extra State	6 60@ 6 75
Superfine Indiana and Michigan	6 15@ 6 40
Superfine Ohio	6 25@ 6 45
Extra Indiana and Michigan	6 50@ 8 50
Extra Ohio	6 50@ 8 50
Fancy Genesee	6 80@ 7 00
Extra Genesee	7 25@ 9 75
Extra Missouri	7 50@10 50

Rye Flour is dull and heavy, at $4@$5 for Fine to Superfine, ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is quiet, yet steady at $4@ $4 10 for Jersey, and $7 25@$4 30 for Brandywine, ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat is quiet and drooping. Some new White and Maryland was exhibited. The quality was very good. The lot was offered at $2 ₱ bushel. Rye is more inquired for, and is worth $1 11@$1 15 per bushel. Stock and sales limited. Oats are plenty and heavy at 62@64c. for Western; 57@61c for State and for Jersey. Corn is more abundant, and is in sack demand at easier prices. Sales: 80,000 bushels, at 87@ 88c. for mixed; 91@97c. for Yellow; and 95c.@$1 05 for White, ₱ bushel. Barley is inactive and nominal.

HAY—There were 370 bales River bought, at 65@ 72c. ₱ 100 lbs.

HOPS—Sales transpired of 30 bales last year's crop, at 9@12c. ₱ gallon.

PROVISIONS—Pork is somewhat brisker, but at irregular prices. Sales: 2,000 bbls., in lots, at $24@$24 15 for Mess., $19 40 for Prime ₱ bbl. Cut meats are in demand, and are worth 11¼@11¾c. for Hams, and 10½c. for Shoulders, ₱ lb. Bacon is inactive and nominal at 11¼@12c. ₱ lb. Lard is moderately inquired for at former prices. Beef is saleable and steady. The transactions since our last consist of 250 bbls. at $16 @$17 for repacked Western Mess, and $17 50@$18 for extra Western do., ₱ bbl. New Prime Mess Beef $28@$30 ₱ tc. Beef Hams $23 25@$23 75 ₱ bbl. Butter is in demand, and is steady at 14@19c. for Ohio; 16@21c. for common to very good State, and 22@24c. for prime to choice do., ₱ lb. Cheese is dull and heavy at 5@9½c. ₱ lb.

RICE is in good demand at our quotations: $4 50 @$5 37½ for ordinary to strictly prime, ₱ 100 lbs.

SUGARS—The market is depressed and factors are more eager to sell. Prices tend downward. Sales have been confined to small lots of Cuba, &c., at from 8¼@10½c. ₱ lb.

TALLOW—A limited business doing, but holders are firm. The sales are: Western, 11½c., cash; City, 11½.

TEAS—Green continue in request, chiefly Young Hyson, at full prices. A moderate business is doing in Blacks.

WHISKEY—About 380 bbls. Ohio and Prison were purchased at 31½@32c. ₱ gallon.

EDUCATION.

A. M. D. G.

COLLEGE OF HOLY CROSS,

WORCESTER, MASS.

THIS College, founded and placed by the Right Re. erend BENEDICT JOSEPH FENWICK, Bishop of Boston, under the care of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, beautifully situated on the heights of Worcester, commands a full view of the city and surrounding country, and is distinguished for its remarkably healthy air, and abundant supply of good water. A farm of ninety-six acres is attached to the College.

The plan of education is desired to prepare young men for an ecclesiastical, professional, or commercial state of life.

Age of admission, from nine to fifteen years. No student admitted for a less term than six months, and n deduction made, if removed before the term expires.

Terms:

The pension for the scholastic year, for Tuition, Board, and Lodging, Washing and Mending, Linen and Stockings, is	$150 00
For Half-Boarders,	100 00
For Day-Boarders,	50 00
Use of Philosophical Instruments,	10 00
Graduation Fees,	10 00
For such Students as may spend their vacations at the College, an extra charge will be made, of	20 00

The following items are extra charges: the German, Spanish, and Italian languages, Music, Drawing, Painting, Dancing, Fencing, and Medical attendance.

All charges must be paid half yearly in *advance*. Should any defer for the space of *one month* to pay in advance, the President of the College is directed to remove their sons or wards from the Institution.

No advance for clothing or other expenses will be made by the College, unless a deposit be left with the Treasurer for the purpose.

Every student must be provided with the uniform, namely: black frock coat or jacket, white pantaloons and vest in Summer, blue pantaloons and dark vest in Winter. No student is to visit out of the College without his uniform. All must be provided with two suits for daily wear, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, six handkerchiefs, three pairs of shoes or boots, great coat or cloak. Each student must also be provided with a silver spoon.

Regular accounts of board, tuition, will be sent every six months in advance. It is earnestly requested that immediate remittances be made to the full amount.

PETER J. BLENKINSOP, S.J.,
President.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance. A few Boarders can be admitted.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.

oct18 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

EDUCATION.

CONVENT

OF THE

SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION DE NOTRE-DAME,

Established at Montreal,

FOR FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE course of Instruction embraces the French and English languages, Writing, Arithmetic, Bookkeeping, Geography, and the use of the Globes; Ancient and Modern History, Rhetoric, an insight of Chemistry and Philosophy, Botany, Geology, Conchology, Music, Vocal and Instrumental; Drawing, Painting; every kind of useful and ornamental Needle-Work.

Pupils cannot be admitted without a recommendation. Parents residing at a distance, should appoint some individual in the city, who will be charged to liquidate the amount of the bills, when due, and receive the young ladies should circumstances render their removal from the institution necessary.

The Pupils have access to the garden adjoining the establishment, and are allowed on days of recreation to extend their walk to *Villa-Maria*, a country seat, most pleasantly located, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, and, occasionally to the *Nun's Island*, always attended by several of *the Sisters*.

A vacation of about six weeks is annually given, commencing on *the Thursday of the third week of July*, and terminating the *first Thursday of September*.

Each pupil must be furnished on her entrance with:

For Summer Costume.—Two Light Blue Dresses, one White Dress. Three Black Aprons, Six Collars. A Straw Bonnet, trimmed with light blue riband. Two pairs of Gloves, one white, the other colored; a Communion Veil.

Winter Costume.—Two Dark Blue Dresses. A Dark Blue Cloak, a Bonnet, trimmed with black. Two Black Veils.

Every pupil must be furnished, at least, with six changes of Linen, Stockings, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Towels, Night Gowns, one or two Colored Dresses. A Sun Bonnet, Parasol, India Rubbers, three pairs Shoes, Books, (and if to learn Drawing,) Paper and Drawing Materials.

Parents wishing their children to be furnished with clothes, or articles requisite for Drawing or Fancy Work, may deposit funds for the purpose in the hands of the Directress, who will supply them in accordance with the wishes expressed.

SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum, (payable quarterly in advance)	£18 10 0—$74 00
Entrance, Pen and Ink	0 12 6— 2 50
Music, Piano	3 10 0— 14 00
" Guitar	5 5 6— 21 00
" Harp	9 12 6— 38 50
Drawing	2 15 6— 11 00
Painting in Water Colors, and on Velvet	3 0 0— 12 00
Foreign Languages—Charge of the Teachers.	
Washing	3 10 0— 14 06
Bed and Bedding	3 15 0— 15 00
Music Lessons from Professor	10 10 0— 42 00

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME, MARIA-VILLA, FORMERLY MONKLANDS.

This is a branch of the House in the city; it is pleasantly situated, about two miles from town, on the side of the mountain, commanding a fine view of the St. Lawrence. It has a park and grounds of 200 acres. It was formerly the residence of the Governors-General of Canada, and is generally admitted to be one of the most beautiful situations in America.

Terms:

The charges in the Institution are from $30 to $40 more than in the House in town.

Persons desirous of placing pupils in either of these Institutions can address the Superior of the Congregation of Our Lady, Montreal. aug1 6t

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is	$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin	125
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra	15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

Under the Direction of the Sisters of Charity.

THIS INSTITUTION, the object of which is to give young girls of the middle and poorer classes an opportunity of receiving an education to fit them thoroughly to fulfil the duties of the station in which Divine Providence has placed them, opened on the 24th of November, 1856, under the special protection of the Most Rev. Archbishop.

In order to give the Pupils under their charge the full advantage of an English education, to instruct them in the duties of their Holy Faith, and, above all, to guard them under the eye of religion during the most critical period of life—from twelve to eighteen—as well as to teach them the different female trades, such as Mantuamaking, Plain Sewing, Tailoring, Making the Flowers, Vestments for the Church, Embroidering, the Use of the Sewing Machine, &c., the Sisters propose generally to keep them under instruction for three years, with an entrance fee of fifty dollars.

No charge will be made to Day Scholars if they attend three years. But three dollars a quarter will be charged to those who enter the School for a shorter time.

Boarders wishing to remain in the Establishment only one year will pay fifty dollars.

For particulars apply at the Institution, No. 75 East Seventh street. mar21 tf

EDUCATION.

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance*.

Classical Course per session of ten months	$1 75
Commercial " " "	1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
n6 3m *President.*

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

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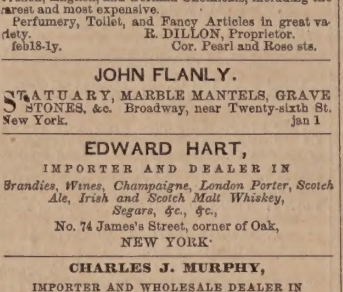

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